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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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From Near and Far

I have been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for more than thirty-five years, and had access to the *Woman's Exponent* when my mother was a Relief Society president.

—Mrs. Arthur Eskelsen
Midvale, Utah

I have been sent to the hospital so much, and when I would come out they would send me to a different place. I am a shut-in, seventy-eight years old, and I haven't walked a step alone for seven years. I have a cane, and a nurse has to hold me while I move my limbs. I love the *Magazine* to read to keep my mind off the rain clouds and the war clouds. I have taken the *Magazine* every year but one since 1921. I feel like I ought to take the *Magazine*, because my father's aunt, Jane Snyder Richards, years ago, was an officer in Relief Society. I have been in her house a lot of times.

—Laura M. Atwood
St. Helens, Oregon

I enjoy the poetry and stories in the *Magazine* very much, as well as everything else . . . . I don't know of another place we could get literature that would compare with it. I always especially enjoy the "From Near and Far" and "Notes From the Field" departments. I watch them closely to see if any of my old friends from the "Y" might be there.

—Peggy J. Hardin
Kermit, Texas

I enjoy our *Magazine* very much. I have a friend I let read my *Magazine*, and now she attends Relief Society. I love to visit and talk with women of the Church about our wonderful *Magazine*.

—Fannie Christensen
Ucon, Idaho

The *Magazine* has been a great help to me in presiding over the Relief Society of our ward. It has given me subject material for talks, as well as many entertaining moments in reading stories, poetry, and recipes.

—Afton C. Hill
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I received the letter and check for my poem ("The Pumpkin Pie Glorified," November 1954). I think every woman should have the experience of writing a poem and having it published. It lifts her out of the routine of her days. My husband and my one remaining son at home had a very respectful gleam in their eyes when I showed them the check. For the first time in months they didn't seem to associate me with the pots and pans. Yesterday in Relief Society the women were just as pleased and proud as if I had done each of them a personal favor . . . . I have been surprised at the thoughtfulness expressed by so many, even by mail and phone, over that one poem. It just goes to show how kind most people really are.

—Bertha F. Cozzens
Powell, Wyoming

I think *The Relief Society Magazine* is the most uplifting woman's magazine published today, because it does not print material of a questionable nature. The articles written by Elsie Carroll, my very dear friend, on the First Ladies (series published in 1953-54) are in themselves worth a year's subscription. Also I appreciate the lovely verse published from month to month. I was especially impressed with the poem "Poetry" by Mary Gustafson (November 1954). It illustrates the theme perfectly — truly it is poetry, not just verse. I also like the serial "Contentment Is a Lovely Thing," by Dorothy S. Romney. The *Magazine* editorials are also very pertinent and fine. They are usually the first pages to which I turn.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

There is no Relief Society here, but I wish to keep up with the lessons. Although we move around, *The Relief Society Magazine* helps to keep us in touch with the Church, to guide and inspire us. The family enjoys the lovely stories. We read them aloud in the evenings. Even the teenage boys enjoy them.

—Mrs. Viola F. John
Dove Creek, Colorado

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THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: Gladys S. Boyer; Aleine M. Young; Josie B. Bay; General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering; Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen; Blanche B. Stoddard; Edith P. Backman; Elna P. Haymond; Edith S. Elliott.

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Mary G. Judd and Winniefred S. Manwaring were not present when this picture was taken.

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Greetings for the New Year

THE general board of Relief Society extends our love and the season's greetings to our beloved sisters throughout the world. May the year 1955 be marked in the lives of all of us by advancement in the understanding of our purpose here upon the earth and in our righteously fulfilling that purpose. In this New Year may all of us overcome weaknesses and develop additional virtues, and may we continue to be a comfort and a guide to each other. May our Father in heaven richly bless us in our homes and in our labors in his kingdom. May the burdens that come to each be borne cheerfully, the trials met bravely, and the temptations overcome triumphantly. May peace dwell in the hearts and homes of all mankind everywhere.

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Velma N. Simonsen

The Cover: "Snow People," Mount Spokane, Washington, Photograph by C. W. Tramm.

Relief Society Women As Home Missionaries

Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1954]

SURELY, it is a great inspiration to see this building so well filled with stake officers of the Relief Society. It is a great privilege to meet with you. It is very inspiring to observe the great work that you do, and we express sincere appreciation to you for your very effective efforts.

This afternoon, I would like to talk with you about missionary work. I would like to mention three different phases of missionary work. But before doing so, I would like to read to you from a bulletin which was issued by the First Presidency in 1952 on the stake missions, giving reference therein to the cooperation expected by the First Presidency on the part of the auxiliary organizations of the Church. In the paragraph or two devoted to this subject, the First Presidency say this:

> The stake and ward auxiliaries, with their enlistment committees and other facilities, should lend the fullest possible assistance and cooperation in aiding the stake missionary program. They should gather information on investigators and others who might be interested, and cause such information to be transmitted to the mission presidency. They should, wherever possible, adapt classes to meet the needs of investigators and new converts.
>
> Stake presidencies will arrange for a proper correlation of the auxiliary organizations with the stake mission.

Now, the first phase of my discussion has to do with the stake missions. Our stake missions are doing a tremendous work. They are bringing into the fold thousands of men and women, and boys and girls who live within the stakes. They are your neighbors and mine. These stake missionaries, as they go out among the people, have a definite program to follow. They are using the uniform missionary plan which is being used in the foreign missions as well as in the stake missions. They go into the homes, and, in an orderly manner, give lessons by which they take up various principles of the gospel so that the people can readily understand those principles.

We expect that in the ordinary proselyting work, the first contacts with non-members usually will be made by the missionaries. Of course, as members of the Church, you and I should be missionaries and be willing to preach the gospel or explain about the Church to anyone who seems interested at any time. But I mean to say on a proselyting basis, as we go from house to house performing missionary work, the original, the initial contacts are generally made by the stake missionaries, who will begin to give the lessons outlined in a manual to the interested families.

Now, after the missionaries have brought the family up to a certain point of interest where they believe

it would be profitable and helpful, they may well notify you as Relief Society officers so that you may send your teachers or other representatives to these investigating families, inviting them to come out to your Relief Society meetings. We do not ask that you as Relief Society workers, go from house to house proselyting, but of course you could invite your non-member neighbors to go with you to your meetings. We ask that you carry on your usual Relief Society work. But when the time comes that the missionaries have developed sufficient interest in an investigator to make it profitable for that investigator to be invited to your socials, to your class work, your lesson work, or to participate in some other way, we would be grateful if you would then step in, as Relief Society workers, and help them to become interested in Relief Society work.

WE would be glad if you would talk Relief Society, so that these women can become acquainted with and interested in the Relief Society program. The missionaries will take care of the proselyting part of it, so far as teaching the principles of the gospel is concerned. But we would like, so very much, to have the women who are investigating, even before their baptism, invited to come to our Relief Society organizations, and those invitations could well be given by your visiting teachers. But I would always plan to make those visits in harmony with the plan of the stake missionaries themselves, so that there will be no conflicting visits or conflicting program of any kind. We hope that you will be neighborly and friendly with these investigating ladies. We in the Church organizations have a great responsibility to new converts who have been brought into the Church. The tendency in some areas is for the missionaries to bring them into the Church through baptism, and then leave them hoping that the other organizations will "pick them up" and carry on with them. However, too many of the organizations do not "pick them up." Too many of these converts become forgotten men and women.

This we must change. We must encourage our auxiliaries and our Priesthood groups to become interested in these new converts immediately, and assist them to become integrated into the Church, as well-established, active members.

Above all, we hope that the Relief Society sisters will do all they can to help the members of the Church live exemplary lives so that there will be no violations to tear down what the missionaries are trying to do. One of the big hurdles we have to meet in stake missionary work is the inactivity and the disobedience of persons who are members of the Church who are not keeping the commandments.

Now, under assignment from the bishop, the stake missionaries may also call on part-member families. Some people have spoken of them as split families, but we do not like that designation—part-member families is the way we speak of them. Now, if the wife is the non-member in a part-member family, we would like to suggest to you that you approach her in the same way as I have described for a total non-member family because, of course,

she is still a non-member of the Church.

However, if, in a part-member family, the wife is a member of the Church, certainly she should be treated as a member and encouraged and warmed in every way you can.

And that leads me up to my next point. We hope that we may have full co-operation from the Relief Society in connection with our Senior Aaronic Priesthood activity, which is a definite missionary program. We find that many people are inactive in the Church because they are not converted to it—they do not understand it. Some are inactive because they feel a little bit left out, some say that they have actually been frozen out in some wards where they have lived. We would like to build up in the minds of the wives of Senior Aaronic Priesthood members a definite sense of belonging. We would like for you to treat them as sisters and labor with them and encourage them to come out as far as you are able to do so.

AND I believe that one of the most effective ways by which you may accomplish missionary work in regard to these Senior Aaronic Priesthood families is that you take into their homes some definite recommendations and plans encouraging them to observe the Family Hour. I don't know of any way by which you may bring the spirit of the gospel more readily into the home of a Senior Aaronic Priesthood member than to help the wife institute the Family Hour in that home. Especially is this effective where the children are small. As the wife and mother makes the plans for these Family Hours and the children participate, it will not be long until the warmth of the spirit will penetrate to the heart of the man of the house, and he will be able, then, to understand the spirit of our program far more readily.

I believe that the Family Hour program likewise will be very effective in a part-member family where the wife is the member of the Church. The same penetration of the spirit of God will be seen in the heart of the non-member man when his children and his wife participate in a Family Hour program such as that.

Then, of course, we hope that you will continue to urge observance of family prayer in each of those homes because, as the wives and mothers and the children pray, they will have a great effect upon the men who live there, whether they are cooled-off Senior Aaronic Priesthood members or not even members of the Church at all. That is missionary work. That is right in the line of Relief Society work. After all, we are all missionaries. The worth of souls is great, and each one of us is called to cry repentance and save as many as we can for the work of the Lord.

Now my next point is this—I believe there is no greater mission field than your own homes. I believe there are no more precious souls to save than the members of your own family. Satan is making a great attack upon us these days. He seems to sense that his time is short, and he is doing all within his power to destroy that faith which we try to establish in the home. We encourage every Latter-day Saint, every woman especially, to exert all

the power you have to bring conversion into your own homes.

Now, if you will examine carefully the attack that is being made by the powers of Satan, you will see that those attacks are more and more assaults upon virtue. It is almost frightening when you pick up magazines and newspapers and when you go to movies and when you see the billboards and you hear the radio programs to note that everything is tainted with this attack upon virtue—just about everything.

Now, we must meet that. I believe the first line of defense for virtue is modesty—modesty in dress—and my appeal on this point to you sisters is to remember that you are trying to save souls. That is your responsibility. Will you remember that your first responsibility in regard to salvation is to those of your own family, and that you must do all you can to save the members of your family? Will you, as the sisters of the Relief Society, be willing to use this first line of defense for virtue as a means of preserving the very soul's salvation of your daughters and your sons, and will you, the sisters, take a leading part in it? Will you set the example?

WE have had some difficulty with mothers on this matter of modesty. Where the M.I.A., for instance, has been trying to get the young ladies to avoid wearing strapless gowns, usually the girls have been willing to comply. We have had our difficulty with the mothers of those girls who insist on putting strapless gowns on their daughters. Will you sisters clothe your own selves in modesty, and then will you clothe your daughters in modesty?

I have often wondered what went on in the mind of a girl when she has observed her mother in some of these sun-suits and other immodest things that mothers ought to know better than to wear. What does that do to the values of virtue and chastity in the mind of the girl?

And I have often wondered what goes on in the minds of the sons of those women—sons who are just emerging into that age when they begin to take notice of the opposite sex. Now, this is not a matter of fashion. Good taste and modesty are always in fashion—always.

As for the men, and I believe that I can speak for the men, I don't believe there is a man living who respects a woman for exposing herself, not even the evil men whose interests are strictly predatory. If you want to save your daughters, teach them modesty in dress, and if you want to save your sons, teach them a proper understanding of modesty and of virtue so that they, in turn, will appreciate true womanhood when they meet it.

There is no salvation in immodesty. Salvation rests upon the foundation stones of virtue. No unclean thing can come into the presence of God. The worth of souls is great in the sight of God. Do you remember what The Book of Mormon says, "I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women" (Jacob 2:28)?

Will you be good missionaries in all phases of your activity, and will you uphold the standards that make for salvation? That is my prayer for all of you, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1954 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the June 1954 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1954.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, for her poem "Three Scenes in Oil." The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Caroline Eyring Miner, Sandy, Utah, for her poem "My Peace." The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Hortense Richardson, Salt Lake City, for her poem "Dedication."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were one hundred thirty-seven poems submitted in this year's contest. Many of the poems revealed a discriminating choice of subject material and a careful use of poetic technique.

Twenty-two states were represented in the contest entries, the largest number of submissions came, in the following order, from Utah, Idaho, California, Arizona, Oregon, Wyoming, Washington, Indiana, and Nebraska. Five entries were received from Canada and two from England.

The winner of the first prize this year, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, was awarded first prize in 1942, 1946, and 1953, and second prize in 1939 and 1947. Caroline Eyring Miner, winner of the second prize this year, was awarded the second prize in 1950, and the third prize in 1945 and 1946. Mrs. Hortense Richardson is a first-time winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

The general board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The general board wishes, also, to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and biographical sketches of the prize-winning contestants, are published herewith.

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

First Prize Poem

Three Scenes in Oil

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I—Winter and Childhood

She knew this canvas well where rushes grew
In rank profusion down a marshy stream.
No ripple marred the surface of the slough,
Yet shape of wind was everywhere the theme
Caught in a bronze-white January world.
Tall reeds bent, wind-cupped, over shrunken snow
And, while the sails of storm were tightly furled,
She felt its lashes ready to let go,
Yet stood waist-deep in summer reeds instead,
Heard killdee calls and blackbirds' loud alarms.
All love was lamplight and a path that led
To mother's kiss and father's playful arms,
Remembered voices bringing childhood near—
But loneliness had marked her even here.

II—May and Love

She mused a long time, staring at a wall,
And suddenly the painting hanging there
Was not a scene in oil. The aspens' tall
White limbs shook spangles down the waiting air
And lightbirds chased thin shadows over grass
Where daisy-yellow nudged delphinium-blue—
Live gold too warm to let the sunbeams pass,
Too radiant to let the shadows through.
The snowflakes on her windowpane grew warm
And melted into springtime. Jim walked in,
Bringing the gay lost years. All thought of storm
And loneliness grew pale and snowflake-thin.
They melted into patterned mist where May
Held time forever in one love-filled day.

III—October and Summer Memories

She hugged its warmth and watched lost years go by
Down love-warmed pathways of another scene.
Here bright October blued the hills, the sky,
And shaggy meadows wore a golden sheen.
Behind the willow shrubs, just out of sight,
Jim's shovel caught peace signals from the moon.
And now, as then, his task would be made light
Because she waited. He'd be coming soon.
She felt his joy embrace her as he came
Warming the room and pushing shadows back.
She heard his silenced lips caress her name,
And life held neither loneliness nor lack,
But living years caught by three artists' brushes
In aspens, golden grass, and river rushes.

CAROLINE EYRING MINER

Second Prize Poem

My Peace

Caroline Eyring Miner

"My peace I leave with you" . . . in quiet way
Of soft-voiced water lapping at the shore;
In whisper of a scented breeze at play
With silvery mist the magic time before
The sun floods heaven and earth with morning gold;
In softness of late shadows tucked in hills
Like purple velvet laid in gentle fold;
In these my peace. I understand. It spills
Like perfume over me. His peace I know,
His love. He found it in blue Galilee,
On Mount, and in Gethsemane. No foe
Can overcome if I have eyes to see
And heart to understand this earth so fair
Where beauty ever breathes a solemn prayer.

HORTENSE RICHARDSON

Third Prize Poem

Dedication

Hortense Richardson

Grant me this—that I may always be
Humble and prayerful unto thee,
That I may guide these little tots of mine
In ways of truth . . . . I do not pine
For worldly goods, or fortune's kiss
Endowing me with power . . . only this,
That I may serve another in his need,
And know contentment . . . and sow the seed
Of happiness into a world grown sad,
Giving of myself to make another glad.
Only this . . . that perhaps through me,
A portion of the world returns to thee.

Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

Eva Willes Wangsgaard was born in Lehi, Utah. She attended the University of Utah and became a schoolteacher in her home town. She married David Wangsgaard, who had been her teacher in high school, and who later became Superintendent of Ogden City Schools. He died in 1946, the day after their oldest son returned from Japan at the close of World War II. There are three children, all living in Cache Valley. Mrs. Wangsgaard took postgraduate work at the University of Utah and Utah State Agricultural College after her third child was born and taught in Ogden City schools for ten years. She did no writing of poetry until after her fortieth birthday. Her first book, *Singing Hearts*, was published within fifteen months of the writing of her first poem. She learned to type and studied technique diligently. Her publications have kept a regular pattern, with three other books: *Down This Road, After the Blossoming, and Within the Root*. She has published hundreds of poems in newspapers and magazines and has won numerous national and local contests. In 1943 she was guest of honor for a week at Huckleberry Mountain Writer's Colony in North Carolina; in 1948 she was invited to Norfolk, Virginia, to give a poetry program in the Civic Hall; in 1954 she was invited to Corpus Christi, Texas, to be a member of the staff of the Southwest Writers' Conference, where she acted as poetry critic.

Caroline Eyring Miner, a gifted and versatile writer, has won three previous awards in the Eliza R. Snow Contest, in 1945, 1946, and 1950. Most of her writing has been done for Church publications and Church organizations. Many of her essays have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

"I am grateful for the Church and for Relief Society," Mrs. Miner tells us. "Because of the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, I am challenged to write a little in the midst of a very busy life, when I might otherwise not do so. I have written several hundred articles, poems, and stories. Most of my writing time now goes into M.I.A. work, as I am a member of the general board of that organization. 'We are very rich,' as my little daughter says. Our jewels are our eight children. Our oldest daughter is married and has a little daughter of her own. Our oldest son left recently for a mission in Argentina. My husband Glen D., is a statistician with the Employment Security, and I teach school in Salt Lake City. We live on a dairy farm near Sandy, Utah."

Hortense Richardson, Salt Lake City, Utah, is an author currently being introduced to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* with her prize-winning poem "Dedication."

Her responsibilities and her interests are many and varied. "I seriously started writing poetry in 1941," she says, "and won the prize in *The Deseret News* Christmas Poem Contest in 1945. Some of my poems have been included in anthologies. I conducted a weekly poetry program over Radio Station KOPP in Ogden in 1949 and part of 1950. A friend played the piano accompaniment, and another assisted with the poetry. Many of my own poems and poems of other local writers were presented on this program. One of my poems has been published in *The Improvement Era*. My husband and I recently celebrated our twentieth wedding anniversary. We have eight children, five girls and three boys, from three to nineteen years of age. Some of my other interests are: oil painting, dramatics (ward and stake leader), sewing (fortunately, with my *family*), ceramics, and studying television arts and production. I am thirty-six (or doesn't a woman tell her age?). I have been the literature class leader in the Burton Ward Relief Society for over a year, and am now switching over to work meeting leader."

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest which was announced in the June 1954 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1954.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "Wallflower." The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Mabel Harmer, Salt Lake City, for her story "A Home for Holly." The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Leola S. Anderson, San Bernardino, California, for her story "Survival Under Protest."

Mrs. Bailey was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1942 and 1948, and second place in 1946. Mrs. Harmer received the first prize in 1952, second prize in 1953, and third prize in 1944. Mrs. Anderson is a first-time winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest.

This contest, first conducted by the Relief Society general board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1955.

Forty-one stories were entered in the contest for 1954. Most of these stories were well organized and unusually well written, with careful consideration being given to character representation and development.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The general board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except on written permission from the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the stories submitted in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation for all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The general board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Wallflower

Alice Morrey Bailey

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

MARY Ellen felt as though her face had frozen in a stiff smile as her last girl friend was chosen to dance, and she was left on the long, bare bench of the amusement hall by herself. She could not control a swift glance over near the entrance where there were a few boys looking out across the dance floor with the supreme indifference that only boys can achieve; nor could she control the fervent wish that once, just once, one of them would come and ask her to dance.

The saxophone wailed and the floor rocked slightly with the rhythm of the dancers whirling past. There were laughter and gay snatches of chatter, and bright colors mingled in a dizzying spectograph. Mary Ellen, watching them, felt wretchedly conspicuous and hurtingly alone. Why was she left out?

It wasn't "see your dentist"—not with her own father a dentist, and taking mighty good care of her teeth. It wasn't her clothes. Her mother had very carefully bought her the right brands when Mary Ellen had explained the importance of it.

The dance seemed interminable. Mary Ellen caught herself slumping, the lines of her mouth drooping, and brought herself up short, pretending absorbing interest in the couples, leaning out to watch them, turning the corners of her mouth up in pleasant approval. It would never do for envy to show on her face, black as it was in her heart.

What more could you do? You bathed until you were raw, you shampooed your hair until it felt like nylon, and you ate this and didn't eat that, and still you didn't dance. It was a phase, Mother said, but she thought everything was a phase.

At last the set was ended and they were coming back to their seats. "I've had five dances," Geneva Anne was saying, and a quick

chorus chimed in: "I've had four"— "I've had six"— and "I've danced every dance." That was Belva Jean, and it was no wonder. Her father was there, and two older brothers, all of whom seemed to love dancing with Belva Jean.

Mary Ellen said nothing. It was good to slip inconspicuously into the crowd, as if she, too, had just come off the dance floor.

The music was starting up with tingling interest. Mingled hope and dread built up with it, intensified every time one of the boys started across the floor toward the girls. Sometimes it seemed to Mary Ellen as if one was coming straight toward her. Jerry Farley was now, and it looked as if—Mary Ellen's heart began a slow pounding.

"Oh! No!" Geneva Anne was wailing. "Hide me! Jerry's a full head shorter than I am."

MARY Ellen's eyes flew to him. He was a full head shorter than she, too, but she would have danced with him gratefully. He lived around the corner, and Mary Ellen sometimes played rounders and kick-the-can in his bunch. He was snub-nosed, and looked quite different with his hair slicked down, his suit nicely pressed. He must be past fourteen.

Geneva Anne had guessed right, but she regarded him with round, china-blue eyes and shook her head. "Sorry, Jerry, but I have this dance."

Jerry knew she wasn't telling the truth, and he stood his ground. "Who with?" he demanded.

Geneva Anne was lucky. She was looking wildly around when Flip Nelson came up.

"May I have this dance, Geneva Anne?"

"Yes, this is our dance, Flip," Geneva said, trying to pass it off that way, but Jerry was not fooled. His face got red with anger and embarrassment. Mary Ellen felt so sorry for him she wanted to cry. She took a step toward him and said: "I'll dance with you, Jerry."

But Jerry didn't look her way, only stumbled over his feet getting away. All the girls were looking at Mary Ellen. Somebody giggled, and she wished the floor would open to swallow her shame. The enormity of it overwhelmed her. She had asked a boy to dance! And he had refused her! Cold and sick with misery, she backed to a seat and sat down, waves of mortification drenching her. One by one the girls were chosen to dance until she was sitting alone once more.

Mary Ellen had meant to stay until the very last dance, and now she wanted to stay more than ever, to show that none of it mattered—Jerry, or not dancing, or the quick and unfortunate impulse—but now she couldn't bear another minute. If she tried once more to lift her head and smile she was going to cry.

There was a startled look in Jerry's eyes as she went past him to get her coat, and she wondered what the girls would think, laugh and say she was dumb, probably. The sobs were forming deep within her. It didn't help to remember Johnny Ray singing "When Your Heart Aches . . . ."

If only Mother and Daddy had gone to bed—but they hadn't. She made one last, desperate effort at

composure when they looked up in surprise at her coming home so early, and alone. It had been arranged for Daddy to pick her up at 10:30.

"How was the dance, baby?" her father asked.

"Fine! Just fine!" Mary Ellen said brightly, but her voice came out high and brittle.

"What's the matter, dear?" Mother asked. "What went wrong?"

"Nothing! Everything was just . . ." she began, but in her mind Johnny Ray was singing "Let Your Hair Down and Cry," and she did. ". . . was just horrible," she flung back over her shoulder, as she raced to throw herself on her bed.

Her mother followed and tried to talk through her anguish, asking questions until she had pieced out most of the story, even the part about asking Jerry to dance.

"I don't think that was shameful, Mary Ellen," her mother said. "I think it was a generous impulse that came straight from a kind heart."

"Kind hearts aren't popular any more, Mother. You just don't understand."

"I understand more than you think, dear. I've been through all this myself, when I was your age."

"Things were different then."

"No, this is just a phase."

"Oh!" groaned Mary Ellen, unable to bear more, and broke into fresh sobbing.

"I'll never go to another dance. Never, in my whole life," she said wretchedly.

"Not even the Teen Gold and Green?"

Mary Ellen hesitated. The Teen Gold and Green was the high point of the year, but she had driven her stakes. "No," she said.

AS the days wore on, though, and the girls talked of the coming dance, Mary Ellen thought wistfully and sadly of it. In unguarded moments she wanted to go, but she had only to think of the last dance to change her mind.

"Mother, would it be all right if I go to a show on that night?"

"Which night, darling?"

"The night of the Gold and Green?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it," her mother answered absently. That had always meant consent before, but somehow Mary Ellen felt vaguely disappointed. It was almost as if she had asked, instead: "Mother, is there the least little hope that I will go to the Gold and Green?" and her mother had said "No."

It didn't help matters to talk to Jerry. He was wheeling past on his bike, but he pulled up short when he saw her.

"Hi, Mary Ellen."

"Hi, Jerry."

"You going to the dance?"

"I don't think so," Mary Ellen told him.

"Gee whiz! You ought to go. I'm going."

"Are you, Jerry?"

"You bet! I'm going to be the best dancer around. And when I am, I'm not going to dance with Geneva Anne—ever."

With that he cut a figure eight on his bicycle and rode off. He hadn't said a word about her asking him to dance, but Mary Ellen felt as if he had made a kind of apology.

Anyhow, he had been friendly, as if the terrible thing had never happened, so he must not absolutely despise her.

Maybe it was a phase, as Mother said, and if you didn't keep going and keep trying, you never would dance. Mary Ellen began to be sorry she had said she wouldn't go, but it was too late now. Besides, she didn't have anything to wear. All the other girls were getting their first formals. It made her feel like an orphan. Maybe she was an orphan, and Richard and Mildred Field were not her parents at all. She could almost hear them talking in some dim past.

"Look, Milly. Someone has left a baby on our doorstep."

"Oh, how awful! Whatever shall we do with it?"

"I don't know. Maybe we should keep it. Somebody has to take care of the poor little unwanted thing."

Perhaps she was an orphan, a sort of stepchild. It might explain certain things—lack of understanding of her problems—lack of interest, like her mother looking directly at her while she related the craziest, most hilarious goings-on at school, and then not laughing, but saying instead something like, "Did you remember to buy bread at the grocery store?" Anyone could tell Belva Jean's parents were real, her father dancing with her, her mother making her brothers dance with her.

MARY Ellen was even more sorry she had taken such a definite stand when her father brought her the silver sandals and the taffeta dress. It was her first real date dress—pink, ballerina length, scalloped at neck and hem, with rhinestones dotted here and there like shimmering drops of dew on rose petals. Rhinestones crusted the straps of the silver sandals, and the little silver handbag which was tucked in the folds of the dress.

It took the utmost self-control for Mary Ellen to keep from shouting, screaming, or swooning at their beauty. She reached toward them, but drew back. If she so much as touched a little finger to them, all her defenses would crumble, and she would go to the dance. It would be twenty times as horrible to sit on an empty bench wearing these, for then she could no longer pretend she had just dropped in to look at the dancers, or that she was only casually interested. The girls' remarks took place in her imagination.

"Look at Mary Ellen—all dressed up and no place to go."

"Poor thing! She must have had some fantastic notion someone would ask her to dance."

"How fantastic!"

"How utterly fan . . . ."

Mary Ellen sensed, rather than saw her father's face in an agony of waiting. She drew a deep breath and recovered her composure.

"Daddy, it is very exquisite, the most exquisite I have ever seen."

Still he was waiting, so she floundered, "Of course they aren't exactly what I would have bought for myself. Still, I would wear them, if I were going to the dance . . . ."

It was then her father's face fell, but her mother's cool voice cut in over her head.

"I'm sure we can return them, Rich, and no harm done. Mary Ellen doesn't want to go to the dance, and I don't blame her one bit."

MARY Ellen caught her breath. She had been braced for argument if anyone tried to make her go, but she hadn't meant to go that far—to return the beautiful clothes. Mothers should better understand the desires of a daughter's heart. No doubt true mothers did.

"Swing around, swing around . . ." Daddy sang suddenly, turning up the radio and starting to dance. "Come on, Millie."

He grabbed Mary Ellen's mother and danced her around the living room. Mother laughed and protested, and finally disengaged herself.

"Such goings on, and me with supper to get," she said.

There was no doubt that Mary Ellen's mother was not very perceptive. Couldn't she tell that the music was beating up in Daddy just as it was in her? Poor Daddy! You could tell he loved to dance. He must have been quite handsome before he got so old. It was hard to tell what a man thirty-five had looked like at sixteen. It would be just terrible to get so old and still be interested in dancing when his wife had lost all interest.

"Come on, chickadee. Let's cut a little rug," he said to Mary Ellen. "I get lonesome to dance."

Mary Ellen felt a little funny—both reluctant and proud that he had asked her. They danced a little way and then her father stopped.

"See here, babe, you dance with your body, not just your feet. Relax, now."

Mary Ellen relaxed and tried it the way he showed her. They tried it over and over, and the feel of it came to her. It was such fun! She could have danced with Daddy all night.

"I'm not so rusty as I thought," he bragged at dinner. "Don't you think we ought to spruce up and go to dances again, Millie?"

He looked hopefully at Mother, but she was slicing more bread for the table and didn't answer. Mary Ellen felt real sorry for him. While she was wiping dishes she tried to do something about it.

"Daddy really likes to dance, doesn't he, Mother," she said in a hinting sort of way.

"Oh, yes," agreed mother heartily. "He was the best dancer in our crowd when we were young; he's really disappointed you aren't going to the Teen Gold and Green. That's one of the reasons he sacrificed to get you the new dress and slippers. He was hoping you would ask him to go with you."

"He was?" Mary Ellen exclaimed. This was falling out better than she expected. Mother would be easy to manage. "He must be real disappointed. Mother, why don't you go with him?"

"I would, darling, if you were going, but surely you can see we couldn't go unless you did. Your friends would think us characters."

"I guess so," admitted Mary Ellen, feeling very deflated and selfish. She thought about it all through the knives and forks.

"Mother," she finally said, "if Daddy can sacrifice to buy me a dress, I guess I could sacrifice so he could go to the dance."

"Why, Mary Ellen! How thoughtful of you, dear. You don't need to go that far, though."

"I don't mind, really," said Mary

Ellen, trying to speak coolly through the excitement that began to shiver along her veins.

WHEN the big night came, she could bear to go into the dance hall in her new clothes with Daddy and Mother. She looked quickly to verify that other girls' fathers were there. Belva Jean's mother was sitting on the side bench, and Mother went directly to her. Of course, some of the girls had dates, but not many, and you couldn't say actually that Mary Ellen was unescorted, not with both Mother and Daddy there.

Daddy did look distinguished, compared to the other fathers, most of them beginning to go bald. He was already looking at the dance floor, his dark eyes shining.

"How about it, Mildred? Like to dance?" he asked Mother.

"No, you go on. My feet hurt."

The orchestra struck up one of the very tunes they had practiced, and he held out his arms for Mary Ellen. She shrank back.

"Oh, no! Not the first couple on the floor, Daddy."

"Why not? Come on, let's show them how it's done."

With the feeling of diving off the high board, Mary Ellen went, and after the first few stiff seconds, she relaxed and didn't care who saw them. She noticed with satisfaction that some eyes were following them.

They danced and danced again. It was after the Bunny Hop that her father asked if she would mind sitting this one out. Perspiration was running down his face, and he looked tired, sort of. Mother and Belva Jean's mother were talking when they came up, and didn't see them.

"You have to play the wallflower, too, I see—act as if you don't care to dance, and all that," Belva Jean's mother was saying.

"My feet hurt," began Mother weakly.

"You can't fool me," Belva Jean's mother laughed. "The touchy little things have to be managed pretty cleverly."

Mary Ellen turned sick to her toes. She wasn't so dumb that she couldn't understand. Instead of managing her mother, she had been managed into coming to the dance —and very cleverly, too. The pieces clicked into place—her father's perspiring face, her mother's excuses and withdrawals—pushing her gently forward to practice the other night, to dance tonight—but somehow the whole picture made her heart swell with humble gratitude. Only real parents would care so much; only a real mother would understand the desires of her daughter's heart.

Mary Ellen felt a little pushing in her mind, as if of growth. Suddenly she didn't care at all that she had been tricked, especially since Jerry was coming across the floor toward her, his hair sleek and shining, his snub-nosed face clean scrubbed. This time she knew without a doubt that he was coming for her. She flashed her parents a misty smile as she followed him onto the dance floor.

Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, Utah, has achieved recognition in many artistic endeavors, including music, composing, sculpture, and art. She is now studying marble carving under Dr. Avard Fairbanks at the University of Utah. She has won prizes and awards in playwriting, fiction, articles, and poetry.

Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* are familiar with her poems, short stories, and serials. Her story "The Wilderness" placed first in the 1941 Relief Society Short Story Contest, and "The Ring of Strength" placed second in 1945. In the 1948 Relief Society contests, Mrs. Bailey was awarded first prize in the short story and second prize in poetry. Her poem "Lot's Wife" won first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1951. Her serial "The Deeper Melody" appeared in the *Magazine* in 1953-54. Mrs. Bailey's poems have been published in many anthologies, and in many magazines and newspapers of national circulation. Since girlhood, Mrs. Bailey has been active in Church work. She is at present drama director in Whittier Ward, Salt Lake City. Alice and her husband DeWitt Bailey are the parents of three children and they have three grandchildren. Mrs. Bailey is a member of the Utah Sonneteers, the League of Utah Writers, the Associated Utah Artists, and at present is acting as compositor of technical reports, University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

Winter Song

Thelma J. Lund

A wind-ruffled sparrow on a brittle bough
Sings to a world of snow-bent reaches now;
And when his chill, staccato song is spent,
The solitude will echo his brief lament.

Let Me Then Answer

Frances C. Yost

He answered promptly when the call first came.
He lit his lamp and went unto Eli.
The call heard twice, and then a third the same,
And every time young Samuel made reply.
At first, he thought the call from earthly spheres,
Yet did not falter, did not find excuse.
With reverence he spoke, "Thy servant hears."
Even today this prophet's words effuse.

When there is hunger on my village street;
When I see tears or sense a lonely waif;
When little ones pass by with faltering feet;
And even older people find the world unsafe;
When God needs help, in keeping their faith high;
Let me then answer, "Master, here am I!"

Faith and Prayer and Johnnie Morton

Maryhale Woolsey

IT seemed to Johnnie that Saturday morning, that breakfast was an awfully long time and that food was harder to swallow than he'd have ever thought it could be. It was a good thing, he thought, that Grandma was pretty busy with the waffles and that Daddy's own gladness was so big he didn't pay much attention to Johnnie. Not really, even though he talked to him almost all the time, and Johnnie had to answer.

Talk like . . . "Isn't it wonderful, Johnnie! This is the day we'll have Mommie home again, all safely getting well. Aren't we the happiest, luckiest people in town?"

"We sure are!" Johnnie said, hoping his face looked really happy. Daddy's did; his blue eyes were all sparkle, his mouth all smile; and his shoulders had their swing-and-sway look—as Mommie called it—as if they were secretly doing a dance to secret music.

"We ought to have some flowers in the bedroom for her, don't you think?" Daddy went on. "Let's see—how about a pot of tulips? Real bright, gay pink ones—for a snowy February day—what do you think, Johnnie?"

"Yeah, sure," Johnnie replied. "I 'spect Mommie'd like tulips better than anything."

"Okay, then. Tulips it shall be. I'll order them first thing this morning, and put both our names on the card—I mean, all three of our names. Grandma's name should be on it, too."

"Sure it should," said Johnnie.

He managed a smile at Grandma, and hurried to take a big bite of waffle and honey while she was looking at him, so she wouldn't expect him to say more. Usually, Grandma seemed to think he talked too much. He didn't want her to wonder why he was so silent this morning! He almost wished it was a school day, so he'd be in a sort of a hurry and not have time to think about the troublesome thoughts . . . . And yet, he needed to think about them—or how would he ever get them settled in his mind?

He thought again, taking a long slow drink of milk, of the words Daddy had said in his prayer at the beginning of breakfast: ". . . And we are grateful, Heavenly Father, for the great blessing you have bestowed upon us, in that our dear Mommie is safely recovering from her illness and is about to return home to us again. May we be worthy of this blessing and make her life fine and happy, which you have spared for our sakes . . . ."

How could Daddy say, Johnnie thought again, that Heavenly Father had made Mommie well again? Mommie had had to go to the hospital and have an operation, and have all those doctors and nurses taking care of her for days and days? Heavenly Father had

been asked *first;* at the very beginning, even when Mommie had been only a little bit sick, Daddy and Johnnie had prayed for Heavenly Father to make her well. Johnnie himself had prayed dozens of times—all by himself; in his room when he was supposed to be asleep, he had got out of bed and knelt and prayed over and over.

"Please, Heavenly Father, make Mommie well. She has such a lot of work to do, taking care of Daddy—and me—especially me. She needs to be well and strong . . . ."

And later, when Mommie had got sicker instead of better, and sometimes in the nights her moaning would waken Johnnie, he had prayed harder: "Please make Mommie get well, Heavenly Father! Please let this prayer be granted, 'cause it's the most important prayer I ever prayed. We need Mommie so awfully much, Heavenly Father! Please make her get well right away!"

BUT still Mommie had got worse and worse; and at last the doctor looked very worried and said that an operation was the only chance for her. So she had been taken to the hospital.

Daddy and Grandma, who came to stay with them to look after Johnnie and the house and meals, and Johnnie with them, had continued to pray for Mommie to be made well. But in Johnnie's mind a doubt had come, and grown bigger and bigger: what was the use of keeping on asking Heavenly Father to do it, when it was the doctors and nurses who had to take care of her? If Heavenly Father had wanted to, he could have made Mommie well without all this fuss and worry! What good were faith and prayer, if after all you had to depend on the doctors and nurses and the hospital?

ONCE the thought had come, it brought up other times Johnnie had prayed, and thought his prayers answered—like when he prayed for a bike, and got it. But Daddy had bought it for him, and Johnnie knew how Daddy and Mommie had talked very seriously about it, because it wasn't easy to spare the money, just when Daddy had had to have a better car. Daddy had paid for *everything* Johnnie had got, that he'd wanted enough to pray for. And Peter Ellis had prayed for a bike like Johnnie's—but Peter didn't have a daddy at all, and Peter had not got a bike *yet!* A fine lot of good *praying* had done Peter!

Johnnie had wanted to ask Daddy about it, but somehow he couldn't find words for asking. He'd heard grownups talk about how your faith had to be very strong, sometimes; maybe Johnnie Morton's faith wasn't very strong . . . . It might even be *his* fault that Heavenly Father hadn't been able to make Mommie well! It was a dreadful thought, *that* was.

At the end of breakfast, while Daddy and Grandma talked plans, Johnnie put on his jacket and cap and boots and went outdoors to play. Or rather, to work; he'd shovel the snow off the walks, he decided. Mommie would like having them clear when she came home, and she'd be proud that Johnnie had done them by himself. The snowing had stopped, and there were light places in the clouds and even

one small patch of blue sky over by the mountains. Johnnie got his small push-shovel out of the garage and got busy.

Daddy, coming out in his go-to-office clothes, said, "Good boy, Johnnie! How's it go—hard work?"

"No, it's easy," Johnnie answered. "It's not very deep, not even to the top of my boots. I could do *twice* this much!"

Why, he'd be through in just a little while—and then what'd he do? The morning seemed suddenly long and longer, stretching away with emptiness.

Daddy was smiling with a wise understanding look in his eyes. "Could you, now?" he asked. "Well . . . how'd you like to go down and do Mrs. Grimes' walks? I was intending to, but it will be clear into the afternoon before I can, and maybe she needs her paths this morning."

Mrs. Grimes was a very old lady who lived all by herself in a small house at the edge of town. Folks said she oughtn't to stay there, with nobody to help her and not even a telephone; but Mrs. Grimes said it was her home and she wanted to stay there till she died, and anyway as long as she could carry her own coal, she wasn't going to leave. Besides, with so many lovely friends to look after her now and then, there just wasn't any reason she couldn't stay right where she was! Daddy and Mommie often looked in on Mrs. Grimes, and did things to help.

"Sure I will," Johnnie said now. He liked the walk to Mrs. Grimes' house, he was thinking. "I'll go as soon as I'm through with ours."

"Fine!" said Daddy. "Be sure to step in and tell Grandma where you're going, and that I said you could. And you might ask Mrs. Grimes if she needs anything we could bring her, or if she needs anything special done, besides the walks."

"I'll remember." Johnnie stood by while the car rolled backward out of the garage and down the drive, its tires leaving firm small patterns of squares in the snow.

Daddy called, "Don't forget to be here promptly for lunch, if you want to go with me afterward to bring Mommie home!"

AS if he'd forgot *that!* Johnnie thought, waving his hand and shouting, "Sure thing!" and thinking how Daddy's voice fairly sang with gladness in it. Johnnie wished *his* voice would sing like that. But you couldn't be entirely glad, he guessed, when you had doubts in your mind about Heavenly Father's power to do things. It was so important to believe in Heavenly Father!

He shoved the pusher busily along the sidewalk, and dumped the snow in small hills and peaks along it.

"Hi, Johnnie!" called pretty Mrs. Dexter, the young woman next door.

She was sweeping snow off her front porch, and as Johnnie looked over towards her, she thwacked her broom against the railing to clear it of its clinging load.

"Where's your whistle this morning? Did you leave it in bed with your shadow? With your Mommie coming home today, I should think you'd be the whistlingest boy anywhere!"

"I . . . I was busy, thinking, is

all." Johnnie began immediately to whistle, and Mrs. Dexter smiled at him and went on with her sweeping, and Johnnie kept whistling, but couldn't make any tune out of it. When Mrs. Dexter had gone into her house again, he gave up trying, and shoveled in silence until all the walks were clear.

Grandma came out to look and said he had done a fine job; and then Johnnie started for Mrs. Grimes' house. It was down near the end of Willow Street, at the end of a little lane all its own. Push-shovel over his shoulder, Johnnie walked rapidly, his troubled thoughts heavy in his mind.

Down where the lane began, the snow was clean and soft, and unmarked until Johnnie's boots made small deep wells as he stepped carefully along. Then he discovered some tiny tracks where a bird had run along on the snow, and the mark of where its wings had brushed the snow as it took off in flight. After that, Johnnie watched intently for other little tracks, and for a brief time his trouble was forgotten. But it came back very soon; almost as if it had gone ahead to wait for him at Mrs. Grimes' house.

It was a small, gray house with a red door and red-and-white shutters, and it looked as pretty as a picture on a Christmas card, with the soft snow rounding the roof lines like a white fur bonnet, and the trees all white-and-dark lace ruffled around it. He felt a little disappointed because no smoke was coming out of the chimneys; smoke often made spirals and whirls that he liked to watch, and besides, the picture-house wasn't quite right without smoke rising up tall from it.

Maybe—a thought came to him suddenly—Mrs. Grimes had emptied her coal bucket and hadn't wanted to go out in the snow to get more. Maybe he'd better do the back yard walk first . . . . No, first he'd better tell her he was here, and ask where she'd rather have him begin! He stood his pusher up against the porch and went up to the red door, planning what he'd say: "Good morning, Mrs. Grimes. I came to shovel your walks for you . . . ."

HE knocked, and stepped back to wait for the door to open. But it didn't open; instead, a voice called from inside, "Come in! Come in, please—and hurry!"

It was Mrs. Grimes' voice, all right, but extra quavery and with a sound in it like crying. It gave Johnnie a sort of fright; he wasn't sure he should open that door, for Mrs. Grimes had always, before, come to open it and ask folks to step in.

But quickly the call came again: "Whoever you are, please come in! I need—*help!*"

Johnnie stomped the snow off his boots and opened the door.

Nobody was to be seen in the red-carpeted living room. But the quavery voice came again, this time from behind an arch where a flowered curtain hung.

"Come this way, please."

Following the voice, Johnnie found himself looking into the bedroom; and there, huddled on the white rug beside the high, old-fashioned bed, with a patchwork quilt over her, lay Mrs. Grimes.

"Thank God! Thank God you came, little boy—why, it's Johnnie

Morton, isn't it!" she said, her old eyes squinting to see him.

"Yes'm, I'm Johnnie. What's the matter, Mrs. Grimes? Are you sick?" He was puzzled. If she was sick, she ought to be up in her bed.

"I'm—hurt, dearie. I slipped and fell, when I was getting out of bed away early this morning; and I can't get up. I think . . . . I'm afraid I've broken my leg. I've been praying and praying for help, Johnnie. Thank the good Lord for sending you!"

Johnnie gasped a little. She'd been praying for help—and *he* had come—a small boy, who suddenly felt very small indeed, wondering what *he* could possibly do to help an old lady with a broken leg.

"Do you think—*I* can help you?" he asked doubtfully, and with his own faith problem swiftly and sharply bigger inside him.

"Of course you can!" Mrs. Grimes answered. "That is, you can go after someone who can do what needs to be done, that you—couldn't." Her eyes, dark and pain-filled, suddenly twinkled. "I didn't tell the Lord what help to send me, Johnnie. I just asked him to provide it, and left the rest to him."

"Oh!" Johnnie said, still not quite understanding. Then, "I'll go after anyone you say, Mrs. Grimes. I'll go as fast as I can."

"Fine, Johnnie! The Jensens are the nearest folks that have a phone. They live just around the corner of Willow and East Five, the white house near the little store. Ask Mrs. Jensen to call Doctor Herrin, and then come over if she can. And, oh . . . before you go, Johnnie, would you haul me down another quilt off the bed? I couldn't reach it for the pain—and my fires are out and I'm getting cold."

Johnnie pulled the quilt off the bed and tucked it carefully around her as she directed; then he hurried away.

Mrs. Jensen said, "My goodness, how awful!" She was holding a baby and a nursing bottle, and she laid the baby in his crib, gave him the bottle, and hurried to the phone. "I'll call the doctor first, and you hurry back and tell Mrs. Grimes I'll be right over. The poor thing . . . on the floor all this time, you said? Goodness sakes!"

JOHNNIE hurried back. He better get the front walk done real fast, he was thinking; folks would be tracking in a lot of snow if he didn't, and Mommie said it was a shame to track snow onto carpets. But first, he'd go in and tell Mrs. Grimes that her help—her *real* help—was coming soon.

"I'm so grateful to our Father!" she declared. And suddenly Johnnie burst out with the question he hadn't wanted to ask Daddy because he didn't want Daddy to know Johnnie's faith wasn't as strong as it ought to be! He sat down on the floor and asked earnestly,

"Mrs. Grimes, why didn't Heavenly Father send you *real* help right away, instead of just sending—me?"

"Oh, my goodness, Johnnie! I don't know, but I'm sure he had good reasons. What matters, is that he saw to it I got my help."

Johnnie sat still a moment, thinking hard. Then, "Would he have good reasons why my—why somebody had to go to a hospital, instead of getting well at home?"

"I'm sure he had good reasons. Why, Johnnie? Tell me, dear."

"Well—I was thinking about how we prayed and prayed for Mommie to get well, but she only got worse until she had to go to the hospital and be operated on, before she could get well. I—I can't see why Heavenly Father couldn't have made her get well without all that fuss and . . . and worry."

"What you mean, Johnnie—you sort of wanted an out-and-out *miracle*."

"Well . . . I s'pose . . . ."

"Oh, Johnnie dear! Of course he *could* have done it that way; but if he just went around doing miracles for us, how would we ever *learn* anything for ourselves? What good would life be to us, if we just played around and had Heavenly Father fix everything fine for us when things go wrong? He has to let us learn things for ourselves."

"Gee!" said Johnnie. And again, "Gee! I never thought of *that*."

Mrs. Grimes smiled through her pain. "Johnnie, I bet I can guess why Heavenly Father sent you to me this morning. He wanted me to help you understand something that was troubling you. That was his way of helping you. Do you see?"

"Gee! Yes'm, I think I see. You mean, he lets us help him do the . . . the things somebody else prays for?"

"Yes, Johnnie. Everyone who does helpful things for others, is helping to accomplish the Lord's good will. Whether it's doctors and nurses and teachers, or good neighbors—even little big boys who go to shovel snow for old ladies who can't do their own."

"Gee. And . . . and nice old ladies who tell kids things they need to understand? Even if I didn't think to pray about . . . that . . . ."

"But maybe you did, Johnnie. Prayer isn't always kneeling and asking in exact words; you know what the song says, 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed.' You can understand that, can't you?"

"Sure I can—now. I guess I just never did quite, before . . ." He stopped short as a knock came at the door, and the sound of the knob turning, and then Mrs. Jensen's voice calling, "Hi! Here I am . . . ."

"Oh, gosh!" Johnnie exclaimed, here's Mrs. Jensen already, having to wade through the snow!"

And Johnnie hurried out again, out into the crisp morning. He felt something big and wonderful inside him; it seemed to warm him all through. He looked up to see the sky clearing, the sun breaking through. Never had the blue been so blue, the sunshine so golden as now, shining down and making dazzling diamond flashes all over the snow. He drew in a deep, long breath and went to work, feeling big with happiness and sureness. Like Mommie always said, it was a beautiful world God had made, and you might know he'd never be very far away from it. And you ought to know, Johnnie told himself, that fine folks like Daddy and Mommie would be right about . . . things; you just had to find out how to understand. He guessed maybe he still had lots and lots to learn, but one thing he'd never doubt again, that was sure: prayer—*faith* and prayer were certainly—okay!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

SPEAK NO ILL: If we will institute a thorough and candid investigation of ourselves, there is no doubt but the results will prove profitable; they may reveal to our view some traits in our character that we were not aware of, and impress us with the necessity of a speedy reformation, and if so we will feel more lenient towards the failings of others, and not so anxious to make them known, but will "speak of all the best we can."

—L. M. W.

TO THE YOUTH OF THE LAND: And oh, ye youth of this much favored land, think not to make the excuse of ignorance. It will no longer be accepted. This is the golden age of opportunity; hold not back and think there is nothing left for you to do; rouse yourselves and look around you; there are fresh hills for you to climb; there are new discoveries for you to make; there is work for you to do.

—Phoebe C. Young

THE YEAR IS NEW

Dearest; the year is new,
And the roses silent sleep,
But the hearts that are most true
All their vows of love will keep.

. . . .

Though the roses fade and wither,
Love survives the stormy weather . . . .

—Edson B. Russell

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN STAR VALLEY (WYOMING): Home industry, in the way of carding, spinning, knitting, and weaving was encouraged . . . . and ideas advanced in relation to the planting and caring for trees and small fruits adapted to our climate . . . . Several looms are in operation, and the hum of the old-fashioned spinning wheel may be heard in a number of our homes. The strawberry, a plant that thrives and yields well, is being cultivated . . . . President Kittie E. Dixon encouraged the sisters to continue their labors, and strive to meet all the requirements made of them, whether spiritual or temporal.

—Lucy E. Call, Sec.

A WOMAN LAWYER: Miss Phoebe Couzins of St. Louis, distinguished lawyer and lecturer, and at one time United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Missouri (serving out her father's term after his decease), has been for some weeks in our city at the Templeton Hotel . . . . After Miss Couzins graduated from the high school of her native city, she chose the law as a profession, her application for admission to the Washington University in St. Louis in 1869 was granted without a dissenting voice. She has been admitted to practice in all the courts of Missouri, the United States District Court, and in the courts of Kansas and Utah; she was the first woman in the United States appointed to a federal executive office.

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ELIZABETH, Queen Mother of England, visited in the United States and Canada in November. This was the Queen Mother's second visit to Washington, D. C., where she was entertained by President and Mrs. Eisenhower. Among other honors for Elizabeth was a dinner sponsored by the English-Speaking Union in New York City, at which she was presented a check for $433,000 to set up a scholarship fund in memory of King George VI.

RAJKUMARI AMRIT KAUR, Minister for Health in the Indian government, recently visited America as a guest of the Rockefeller Foundation. A devout disciple of Mahatma Ghandi, and his secretary for fifteen years, she has been president of the All-India Women's Conference and has presided over the World Health Assembly, and has acted as a delegate to UNESCO in London and Paris. Two of her published books are *To Women* and *Challenge to Women*.

WOMEN are taking a more prominent part in politics, and their acceptance as public officials was exemplified in the November elections. All of the eleven incumbents of the House of Representatives were re-elected, and two others were added—Mrs. Iris Blitch of Georgia and Mrs. Edith Green from Oregon. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine is back in the Senate, and Mrs. George Abel of Nebraska was elected to the Senate to fill two months of an unfinished term.

DR. MABEL COCHRAN, associate curator of the division of reptiles and amphibians in the National Museum, Washington, D.C., has 40,000 specimens preserved in alcohol under her guardianship. She is a world authority on snakes, frogs, and lizards. During World War II her suggestions on how to cope with dangerous reptiles were distributed to the armed forces in snake-infested jungles.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Ruth May Fox, Salt Lake City, Utah, 101; Mrs. Hilda Erickson, Grantsville, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Jane Reid, Rexburg, Idaho, and Mrs. Nancy E. Schvaneveldt, Dayton, Idaho, ninety-one; Mrs. Cora Lindsay Ashton and Mrs. Mary Bates Egan, Salt Lake City, both ninety.

PEARL S. BUCK, Nobel and Pulitzer prize winner in the field of literature, and member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, has written her life story in a new autobiography, *My Several Worlds*. She relates the humorous and tragic happenings of her many years in China, and of her adjustments to American life in the 1930's.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 JANUARY 1955 NO. 1

Morning and the New Year

". . . in the morning will I direct my prayers unto thee, and will look up" (Psalms 5:3).

THE coming of the New Year means a new beginning for all of us. No matter where we may stand in the journey between our past and our future, the coming of another year brings fresh opportunity, brighter vision, and opens the door to accomplishment. The New Year is like morning, when the way to unknown treasures is opened, when the pathway lies unmarred before us. It is the time in which the Lord has given us another chance to prove ourselves worthy of his mercies which "are new every morning."

Many of our activities, our ideals, and our aspirations partake of the spaciousness of the New Year and of the measure of morning. Suppose we are to take a journey, perhaps to a place we have never seen before, the sea, or the mountains, or to another city. A journey is traveling into a new experience. And even if it be a journey to a familiar place, there may have been changes in the land, or it may be another season. Always, too, we may meet strangers who can lift our spirits, or people who need to walk briefly with us to see some inviting aspect of life which we can reveal to them. All journeys, near and far, are new in their significance — they are new, like the year and the morning.

Meeting a new friend, or one who is to become a friend, has the possibilities of giving us new growth of the spirit and an entrance into the beauty and strength of another personality. It is our opportunity to bestow something of our own perspective upon one who may have been looking upon life from a different point of view. A new friendship may be the threshold of new pleasure and new illumination.

Even more humble activities are as a journey into the delightful unknown. A woman's day is often composed of a series of exhilarating experiences. Prosaic tasks may assume great expectancy and promise, if they are performed with a feeling of adventure and anticipation. The whir of a sewing machine in making a little girl's dress, the further stitches in needlepoint, even the matching of colors and shapes in patches for mending—these are small adventures, but they may be tributary to the satisfying wholeness of homemaking. Expectancy and anticipation prevail in the challenging efforts of re-decorating a home—new color on the walls, the harmony of tints and tones in rugs and draperies, a kitchen cheerful all over again in a different decoration.

Even so familiar an act as to open a book may partake of the nature of regeneration. Not long ago an elderly woman opened the Bible and turned to the Book of Psalms. Her

scriptural reading, for the most part, had been confined to the New Testament, and she had not experienced for sometime the lofty language and the noble thoughts of the Psalms. She turned the pages reverently and said, "To me, this is a new thing." To her there was the presence of morning and the element of discovery in the sacred pages. She read also Psalm 102, which describes the beauties of Zion, "For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." And the elderly woman had found words which expressed her deep thoughts, for she had so long loved her own humble home and the encircling land, even so much that she had loved its stones and dust. But never before had she found the right words for so deep a realization. Any great and good book gives to us the spirit of newness and of morning.

The most precious of all new treasures given to women are the children, lovely as morning, and having within them infinite possibilities, which mothers may help to develop along the wide pathways of life's responsibilities and joys and achievements.

The year is new, and it is the time of morning, a time of closeness between the heavens and the earth. "For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind . . . that maketh the morning . . . and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The Lord . . . is his name" (Amos 4:3).

—V. P. C.

Driftwood

Natalie King

The wild, wet sweep of ocean waves along the beach a dozen years,
Has buffeted this slender branch with elementary sobs and tears;
Solaced too seldom by the rays of welcome sun upon the sands,
Allowed scant healing time before the sea repeats its harsh demands.

Turn the full circle, sun, the storm, the biting winds and bitter cold,
Bent to one purpose, that to fit this broken branch into its mold,
Leaving at length the beauty of silver perfection polished smooth;
Unmarred by flaw, content to lie where unseen forces bid it move.

Not swift this state of beauty comes, each agony is singly borne.
Despair, first deep, becomes resigned, then grateful for each perfect morn.
Time, the abrasive, wears and wounds to cut the pattern plain,
Scoring the finally finished work with half-remembered pain.

So are the old, contented in their places,
Showing God's hand in fine etched, tranquil faces.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 6, 1955, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting have been prepared by the general board and sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting. Music for the Singing Mothers should be ordered at once.

Bound Volumes of 1954 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1954 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City, 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, including the index. If a leather binding is preferred, the cost is $3.50. See schedules of postage rates in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 71. If bound volumes are desired, and the *Magazine* cannot be supplied by the person making the request, the *Magazines* will be supplied for $1.50 by the *Magazine* Department, General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1954 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1954 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1955.

Infantile Paralysis and the March of Dimes

Basil O'Connor

President, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

IT will be a great day for everyone when the world can be told that Dr. Salk's trial vaccine actually protects against polio. We hope that day arrives early in 1955. The theme of the 1955 March of Dimes reflects expansion for the fight against polio in the longed-for realm of prevention.

On the other hand, we must face the possibility that an inconclusive report may be issued by Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr. of the University of Michigan, who is responsible for determining whether or not the vaccine is effective. As hopeful as this is, the fact remains we have no proven vaccine, yet. Millions more must be spent on the Salk vaccine studies. At the same time, our responsibilities continue for children and adults crippled by polio.

Either way, our problems and our responsibilities multiply. Even if the vaccine is declared highly effective, we cannot see the end of polio in 1955 or 1956—or, for that matter, in 1957.

Certainly all of the more than 50,000,000 young Americans under eighteen years of age (the most polio-susceptible group) cannot possibly be vaccinated in time to prevent thousands of new attacks in the years immediately ahead.

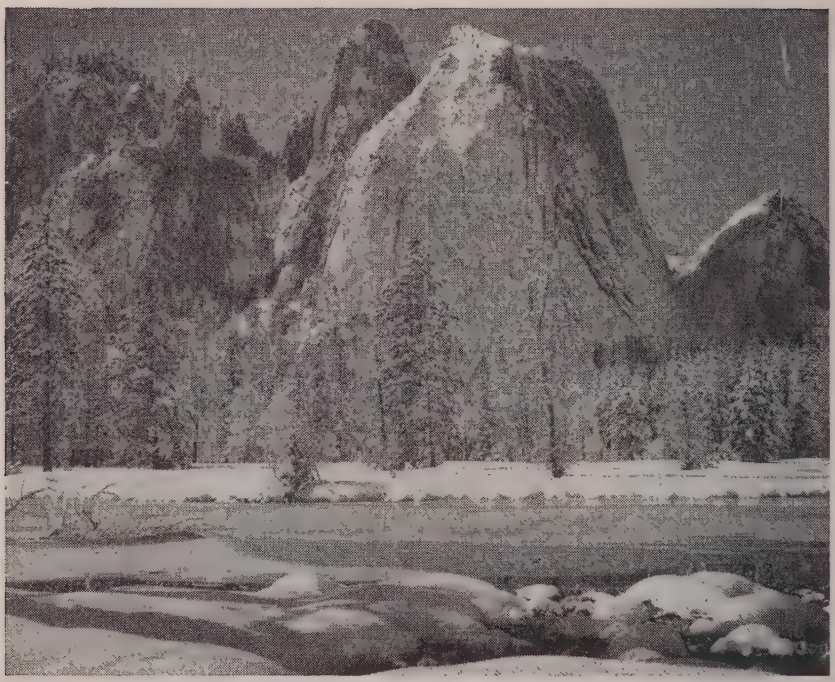
What I'm getting at is that the news from Michigan will have little immediate effect on the huge job of mending lives, refining preventive techniques, and training professionals. That is why I am appealing again for your support this coming January. The crippled child who is cut off from her playmates lives only half-a-life. The disabled wage-earner needs more than just plain courage to carry on. Only with expert treatment, good equipment, and understanding care can the stricken overcome crushing handicaps. These are the things money can buy.

Your continued help in supporting the 1955 March of Dimes, January 3-31, will most certainly evoke the gratitude of those born too soon to benefit from any polio vaccine, as well as those who look to the March of Dimes to protect them from polio in the future.

Before the Storm

Zara Sabin

Even this cold, gray day is beautiful—
The upturned sod where late the farmer plowed,
Now locked to earth by winter's icy breath,
Is edged with flowers of frost. A pewter cloud
Hangs low on the horizon, while a crow,
Scarce darker than the limb on which it sits,
Awaits the snow.



Bob Bishop

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

White World

Gene Romolo

In a white, white world I have awakened
To clutch again the tenuous strands of life
That dormant lie while slumber holds us captive . . .
A white world, for the moment free from strife.
Night has wrought this lovely, soft white wonder;
With needles of the frost, has knitted it
In motifs, hexagon-shaped replicas of stars,
And with artistic deftness, made each fit
The place appointed for a perfect piece
Of handiwork, earth's beauty to increase.

Grandma's Responsibility

Mary C. Martineau

FOR some reason, no one thought anything of leaving the cat with Grandma when the family went on their vacation. They left the cat without a qualm for its safety and care, and Grandma, dear old soul, never dreamed of not allowing the cat to be left.

What's a cat to take care of? That's nothing. But to have the family return to find the cat gone—strayed—stolen, that was different.

Grandsons, Jimmy and Johnny, just couldn't feature Grandma in a careless role, but, as Jimmy remarked, "Our cat is gone, and he was Grandma's responsibility."

Then Grandma knew by the look in Jimmy's eyes and in the tone of his voice that his confidence in her was forever shaken unless she found the cat and proved her fidelity to a trust. Poor Grandma!

It all happened this way: Grandma was to go to Jimmy's house every morning in the absence of the family and feed the cat, water the flowers, collect the mail, see that the house door was locked securely, and then walk home again to take up her own housework. And very faithfully did Grandma perform these morning duties. Old Puff, the cat, always came mewing off the porch to meet her as she came up the walk, and he rolled over on the pavement before her for his own enjoyment, and then brushed past her skirts and arched his back as she came up the steps to feed him.

She always poured some milk into his saucer and doled out his "Puss in Boots" on a dish, and left him happy and eating in contentment while she sprinkled the lawn and flowers.

For three mornings all went well. Then came the fateful morn. As Grandma came up the walk, she was humming a little tune, when she stopped short. "Where's the cat, I wonder?" she murmured in a startled way, for no cat came to meet her.

Around the house went Grandma, calling softly "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty . . . ." But no kitty came.

Gone to catch a mouse, thought Grandma. So she proceeded to water the flowers and gather the mail, but still no Puff appeared. I'll just put his milk in his dish and put his food out, for I can't wait for him any longer. He'll be here when I come again in the morning, she thought. And home went Grandma, trusting to a cat's nine lives to take care of him for one day.

But it was more serious than she thought, for next morning when she came, Puff's dishes were licked clean, but no Puff was to be seen, and the next day and the next were the same until the whole week was gone and the family returned.

Grandma told them of Puff's curious actions, but that she, Grandma, was sure they would see Puff when he came back each morning.

Grandma was wrong. The very next morning Jimmy saw the neighbor's cocker spaniel come over and eat Puff's food, and in his heart

Jimmy then and there convicted Grandma of gross neglect and carelessness in the performance of duty.

GRANDMA could have borne the loss of the cat with great fortitude, for many cats had disappeared along the trail of Grandma's long life, but Grandma could not bear the loss of Jimmy's confidence. She decided she must find that cat if she possibly could. So she began to lay plans and to execute them.

She offered little rewards to youthful searchers; she took evening and morning walks in personal search; she sent out scouts and made inquiries.

"Don't worry over that cat any more, Grandmother," comforted Edna Lee, Jimmy's mother. "I'm kind of glad the cat's gone; it's not your fault, anyway. A full-grown cat ought to be able to take care of himself in the summertime."

"It's not the cat I worry about, it's little Jimmy," said Grandmother. "He loved the cat and feels so badly. He holds me accountable and has withdrawn his trust and confidence from me. He is like a polite little stranger," and there was a tear in Grandma's eye.

But what could Grandma do? Why, nothing. So that's what she did. She just did nothing and waited. Time smooths many sorrows, and so it was as the days went by. Jimmy found his way to Grandma's house again and to Grandma's cookie jar again and again. Jimmy smiled at Grandma and Grandma smiled at Jimmy.

And that might have been the last of it, if the telephone hadn't rung so wildly late one night. When Grandma said "Hello," a vexed voice said loudly, "Mrs. Gray, I wish you'd come over in the morning and get your cat. We can't have our bedroom window up because he keeps jumping in to find our children. He adopted our children when your daughter's family was away. They used to live in this house once you know. I'm sick and tired of this cat."

"Oh, thank you for calling me," said Grandma happily. "I will be right over in the morning."

Next morning, Jimmy went with Grandma to get Puff, for it was he all right.

"Grandma, may I carry him?" asked Jimmy, as they were returning triumphantly with their precious burden.

"Yes, Jimmy," said Grandma, lovingly placing the big gray and white cat in Jimmy's eager little arms. "He is yours to have and to hold."

New Serial "Green Willows" to Begin in February

A new serial, "Green Willows," by Deone R. Sutherland, will begin in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. This entertaining and realistic story narrates the adventures of Lillian and Pat, two young friends who complicate and help to straighten out the problems of Pat's three unmarried aunts: Agnes, Margaret, and Karen.

Mrs. Sutherland, a daughter of George Cecil Robinson and Linnie Fisher Robinson of Magna, Utah, is a young wife and mother of two sons, who now lives in San Francisco, California, where her husband, a doctor, is serving his internship. Seven short stories and a serial by Mrs. Sutherland have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* since 1948.

Mimosa Eggs

Courtesy National Cotton Council

6 eggs
2 packages frozen spinach
3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups hot milk
½ cup shredded cheese
salt and pepper
2 tablespoons shortening

Hard cook eggs. While eggs cook, cook spinach according to directions on package. Make cheese sauce by melting shortening in top of double boiler over hot water. Stir in flour. Add hot milk gradually, stirring constantly. When thickened, add cheese, stirring to melt cheese. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Cover and keep sauce hot. When eggs are done, run cold water over them. Shell. Cut eggs crosswise into halves. Remove yolks. Slice whites thin and add to cheese sauce, reserving a few slices for garnishing, if desired. Drain spinach, add 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Arrange in well-greased shallow baking dish or in individual bakers. Pour cheese-egg sauce over spinach, letting spinach show at edges. Press yolks through sieve, making a mound of yolk on top of each serving. Set under broiler for 2 or 3 minutes, keeping dish at least 3 inches from heat. Serve with corn muffins and crisp relishes. (Makes 6 servings)

There Is a Time for Formality

Helen S. Williams

THERE are certain places and special occasions where formal elegance of floral arrangements must be used. The table pictured opposite is a perfect example of formality at its loveliest. This table was originated and executed by Florence Williams for an afternoon reception where approximately 2,000 people attended.

The table was set in a spacious room with high ceilings. The walls and draperies were a soft sage green—a perfect setting for the colors and flowers used. Of course the table had to be scaled to the size of the room, and it had to be beautiful from all angles, for there were those who were seated, and those who stood to be served, and there were many who viewed it from a distance.

Had the table or its appointments been too small or less sensational, the effectiveness of its beauty and color would have been lost completely in the magnitude of the surroundings.

To do unusual, beautiful tables Florence Williams dares to be dramatic and completely original. One rarely forgets the table decorations which she does because they are never ordinary.

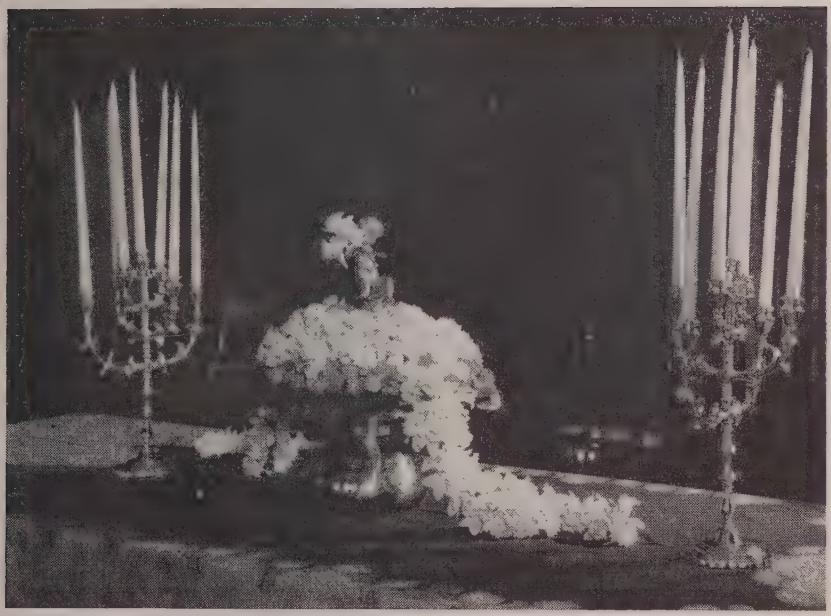
For this table she decided to use a beautiful old Paisley shawl for her tablecloth. The shawl belonged to her husband's mother. It had never been used, and for years had been wrapped in tissue for safekeeping. Safekeeping for what? thought Florence. Here was a precious old heirloom five yards long which would be perfect for this special occasion. The center of the shawl was a bold, daring black. It would be a perfect background for golden flowers, brass bowls, massive candelabra, and tall, tapering candles.

The border of the shawl combined all the glorious shades of autumn. The rich golds, copper, and brass colors, the reds and the yellows that blanket our hills and mountains when the first frost touches them in the fall, this lovely old heirloom had captured in its woven border. All these warm, deep colors of Indian summer gave a richness and elegance to the table.

With the Paisley shawl as the basic note for the table, Mrs. Williams had a startling and unusual setting for the magnificent centerpiece. As you see, the flowers were arranged in a half-circle design. This half-circle design is basically excellent when using a large or massive centerpiece on a long table, and it is particularly good when used in a raised or footed container. The length of the rhythmic line was extended from the focal point of the raised Cupid. This gave a harmonious feeling of flowing rhythm and balance for the long table and large room.

The container was an old-fashioned brass jardiniere, polished to dazzling brightness. It had been turned upside down, and on top of it rested a great flat brass bowl. This was filled with a solid mass of flowers—yellow daffodils. These daffodils were bordered with daisies that had been dyed in colors to repeat the border of grandmother's Paisley shawl. Shimmering green magnolia leaves framed the round bowl and blended into the soft greens of the surrounding draperies. Then the brass Cupid, holding a few flowers, topped the entire floral design and kept the table in perfect proportion. It was a picture of harmonious colors—the black cloth, the brass container, the yellow and rust flowers, and the Paisley border.

Florence filled the big brass bowl with twigs and stems, then covered the greens with fine chicken wire. This made a firm, solid container to hold the flowers in position. The daffodils had been cut to about two-inch stems. This was the depth of the bowl.



Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE WILLIAMS

The sweeping half circle of daffodils that extended so gracefully from the bowl and down the table, was wired together with very fine wire. These flowers had also been broken off into two-inch stems and were wired together to give an illusion of solid yellow. The wire was twisted around each flower securely, and the streamers of daffodils were about five inches across.

The massive brass candelabra at either end of the table, with the tallest of tall yellow cathedral candles, completed the regal beauty of the table. The candles matched the daffodils perfectly. Their height gave perfect balance to the table and proportioned it beautifully to the massive room. This same centerpiece arrangement has been used by Florence for other affairs at other seasons of the year.

In the fall, button chrysanthemums in all the rich fall colors lend themselves wonderfully well to this arrangement. Fall fruit, with deep purple grapes, make a dramatic and luxurious appearing table when the grapes are combined with flowers. The grapes can be wired as are the flowers and draped over the bowl and down the length of the table. They are dramatic and beautiful.

Many, many designs can be evolved from this same idea. With a little practice, a generous degree of daring, and a bit of originality, anyone can learn and enjoy the technique of flower arrangement.

It is well to keep in mind a few basic fundamental principles which will help your own instinctive ability.

First, consider the relationship of the length of the table, the color, and container, to the size of the room. If the room is small, keep the table and centerpiece in good

proportion. Don't let them overpower their surroundings. In the picture above, the room is large, the ceiling high, and the walls are soft green. A massive table was indicated—thus the big, high bowl and the massive candelabra.

Second, watch the design of your centerpiece. The ones that lend themselves best are variations of the triangle, the circle, or half circle, or an open "s" curve.

Third, carefully plan the balance of your arrangement. Group flowers, candles, and decorations within a definite pattern, so that an impression of stability, unity, and serenity is achieved. An artistic, balanced design is lovely from any viewpoint. Remember this.

Fourth, have a focal point or a center of interest. In the above picture, it is the Cupid perched on the top curve of the half circle.

Fifth, for real beauty in design, there must be a feeling of rhythm or motion. Sprays of flowers, greens, fruit, ribbon—anything which gives graceful lines from the center out can create this feeling of rhythm and motion.

Sixth, remember that accent is the added something which makes a table unusual. In this illustration it is undoubtedly the black of the Paisley shawl. Also, accent may be achieved by contrast in color of flowers or container or accessories. It is one of the elements in table decoration that one has to work hard at and has to practice to achieve.

Seventh, and last, is harmony. Without harmony of design, color, and arrangement, the beauty is lost. Colors, materials, containers, and all accessories must express an idea—unified and perfectly blended.

Erratum in Social Science Lesson in November 1954 Magazine

IT has been called to our attention by Dr. Richard D. Poll, of the Department of History and Political Science at Brigham Young University, that an error occurs in the February social science lesson (The Constitution of the United States) as printed in the November *Relief Society Magazine*, on page 779. Dr. Poll makes this correction:

It is stated that "this method of amendment [ratification by state legislatures] is the one which has been universally followed in all the amendments thus far adopted." As a matter of fact, Amendment 21, repealing the prohibition amendment was adopted by conventions in the states, rather than by state legislatures. This is not a profoundly important point, but, inasmuch as it was the Utah Convention which was the thirty-sixth to ratify and repeal amendment, it is not without some interest to our people.

Bathroom Tricks

NOVEL TOWEL HOLDERS

Elizabeth Williamson

There never seem to be enough towel racks in the bathroom, guest bath, or powder room. Old door knockers come to the rescue. For individual towel holders, these are distinctive and most unusual.

A Boy

Sylvia Probst Young

A boy is adventure, noise, and fun,
With a smudge of dirt, and his knees
Are forever out of his overalls—
He's a genius at climbing trees.
He has no use for a pair of shoes
Or a shirt when the days are long;
Forever he's munching on jam and bread,
And singing a tuneless song.
A boy is a king in his own small world—
A boy is exasperating—
And whatever he might be doing next
There is no use contemplating.

But a boy holds the strings to his mother's heart,
And his sudden kiss is a cure
For any ill—oh, a boy is grand—
I am glad that I have four.

Her Hobbies Bring Joy to Others

Mary Elizabeth Jensen Bingham, Belvedere Ward, Los Angeles,
Is a Needlecraft Artist

MARY Elizabeth Jensen Bingham, at the age of eighty-nine, still gives joy to her family and her friends, and serves her Church by making exquisite handicraft articles. During the past year she has embroidered twenty pairs of exquisite pillowcases, all with crocheted edges. Also, she has made many sets of dish towels and numerous crocheted doilies. She is an expert at quilting and has designed several original quilt patterns. She has recently completed a lovely crocheted altar cloth to be presented to the Los Angeles Temple when it is finished. Mrs. Bingham's custom of giving a crocheted doily each month to the eldest sister having a birthday during that month, has given much pleasure to the members of her ward Relief Society. At an early age she was responsible for spinning the yarn for her brothers' and sisters' clothing, and she learned habits of industry and service.

Sister Bingham was born in Logan, Utah, and married Benjamin Franklin Bingham in 1885. Mother of six sons and a daughter, Mrs. Bingham still found time for service as a practical nurse in many communities in Cache Valley. In her early married life she subscribed to The *Woman's Exponent*, and *The Relief Society Magazine* has been in her home since its first issue. Mrs. Bingham remembers the time when she regularly took her team and wagon and gathered up her neighbors and took them to Relief Society meetings; sometimes there were as many as sixteen women and children in the wagon at one time. She has served as a Relief Society president, as a counselor, and as secretary. Her years have been full of work and happiness, and she has enlarged her own personality by serving others.

Contentment Is a Lovely Thing

Chapter 4

Dorothy S. Romney

Synopsis: Margaret Lansing, whose husband Jed has become a farmer contrary to the wishes of his parents, is taken ill just before Jed's father, a prominent brain surgeon, and his wife arrive at the farm for a visit. The young couple cannot get help, and the mother-in-law assumes the household duties and takes care of Kimmy, the baby. The hard work makes her more than ever opposed to country life, and she tries to persuade her son to go back to the city and resume his medical studies. Finally, when Margaret is able to attend to her household, the parents leave, although they had planned on a longer visit. Margaret and Jed attend a ward party, and their intimate friend Mrs. Andrews asks why the elder Lansings left the farm so soon.

MARGARET knew that her friend was wise and understanding, and perhaps she might suggest some way of persuading Jed's parents that he had chosen the work he loved and that he was contented.

Mrs. Andrews moved over on the bench. "Better sit down and tell me all about it Maybe it will make you feel better," she said, and Margaret knew from past experience that it was a genuine wish to help, rather than curiosity that prompted her words.

So she told Mrs. Andrews everything that was troubling her—of the letters that came twice weekly from Jed's parents which, however, contained no reference to a return visit in the future, nor an invitation for them to visit Jed's parents, and of Jed's obvious disappointment over the results of his parents' visit.

Mrs. Andrews listened carefully, and then was silent for a time after Margaret had finished speaking.

"Don't let it worry you too much, dearie," she finally said. "Parents often have a strong hold on their children, too strong a hold, as seems to be the case with Jed's parents. Jed is probably torn between his love for you and Kimmy and the duty he feels he owes his parents. Didn't you once tell me that they had lost an older boy? Perhaps that has something to do with their clinging to Jed, although I don't see why it should," she mused. "Be patient, my dear, and things will work out."

Her words comforted Margaret, and seeing all her neighbors soon erased the troubles from her mind. She felt contented and happy when the deliciously cooked food had been eaten.

After ten minutes of dancing Margaret's cheeks were pinker than they had been for some time.

"The next time Jed's folks come to town," Ez Owens, who ran the general store, said in his jovial manner, as he escorted Margaret back to her seat, "give us a chance to meet them. I hear they're real nice people."

She was still pondering Ez's last remark when Jed came out of the kitchen minus his chef's cap and apron, and swung her into a group of dancers that was forming on the dance floor. Everyone must be wondering, she thought, why they weren't invited to meet the elder Lansings.

The unusual excitement of the evening completely tired Margaret out, and she asked Jed to take her home as soon as they finished the dance. As they drove along she looked at Kimmy's form in the clear shadow of the moon, and thought how much he already resembled his Grandfather Lansing, right down to the tips of his fingers.

Suddenly her musings were interrupted by Jed.

"Kimmy already has the hands of a good surgeon," he said.

It was amazing how often she and Jed had the same thought patterns.

"Perhaps Kimmy won't want to be a doctor," she reminded as gently as she could. Who could say where the destiny of a pair of hands lay without first developing the intellect that guided them?

"Yes, of course," he assured her, "Kimmy will be free to choose his own career." He put his hands out to cover her warm fingers.

SHE could see in the brightness of the night, the circle of trees that surrounded their home. It gradually emerged from the silver of the night, and took the shape of the home she loved so dearly. If one could look into the future and see the outline of one's destiny taking shape as clearly as this house had, it might greatly simplify things, Margaret thought. But perhaps meeting the challenge of the unknown was what made life worth living, she decided.

When they reached home Jed let Margaret and the sleeping Kimmy out at the kitchen door and drove the station wagon down to the barn. She undressed Kimmy without waking him, then went into the kitchen, reveling in the warmth of the still air, glad to be home.

She took cookies from the jar, set them on a plate, and was pouring two tall glasses of cold milk when the telephone rang. The first thought that crossed her mind was that it was the telegraph office calling with a message for Mrs. Jackson, unable to reach her at her own cottage. She hoped it wasn't bad news of her son, Dick. But she was wrong, the call was a person-to-person, and it was for Jed.

"I'm Mrs. Lansing," she explained to the operator, completely puzzled as to who would be calling at this hour. "Perhaps your party will talk to me."

"No, I must talk to Mr. Lansing," the reply came back. Margaret recognized Jed's mother's voice, and it held an urgency that was unmistakable.

"Call back in five minutes," she told the operator, and ran breathlessly to the barn to get Jed.

They lost no time in getting back to the house. The telephone was already ringing when they reached the kitchen.

"Hello, Mother," Jed said. "What is it?" He listened for a matter of minutes while his mother talked, a stricken look on his face, and then said, "I'll be down on the first train in the morning. There's one that leaves the junction at two A.M. It may not be as bad as you think. Goodbye until I see you."

He turned to Margaret, white-faced and visibly shaken. "Dad has injured his hand on a fishing trip. He fell on some broken glass and cut the artery and tendons. There was no competent doctor near to

take care of it. They're operating tomorrow. It could mean the end of his career as a brain surgeon," he ended flatly.

"But they're not sure yet," said Margaret hopefully. "There's still a chance that the hand can be saved?"

"Mother didn't seem to think so —not for his own particular work anyway. It will break his heart. He has taken such pride in his work."

"There may still be a chance," Margaret persisted. "Come, I'll help you pack and drive you down to the station. Stay as long as they need you. I'll manage here."

"But there's so little I can do," he said, as he moved toward the bedroom. "I've failed Dad at every turn. It would make all the difference in the world to him now if I could carry on his work."

Margaret made no reply. She had no answer. But I'll find one, she told herself determinedly. I'm sure that Jed was right in choosing the life he loves. She followed him into the other room and opened a dresser drawer. "It's a good thing you have plenty of clean socks," she commented casually.

The tension left Jed's face. "Yes," he agreed. "You always manage to have everything right for me."

ON the drive down to the station Margaret asked, "Why must you always feel conscience stricken over having given up your medical training? You made your decision. You have to live your own life. Why torture yourself now with these doubts?"

"You knew that I had an older brother who died?" Jed replied.

"Yes, of course."

"He had just been graduated from high school the year before his death. He was a brilliant student and intensely interested in everything pertaining to the medical profession. 'A born doctor,' Dad used to say proudly. And he was. It was his whole life, just as it was Dad's."

Jed paused and when he spoke again it was with an effort. "He and Dad were great pals. It was a man-to-man relationship, rather than father and son. They were always planning hunting and fishing trips together. The only trouble was, Dad never had time to take them. He was still a general practitioner and always busy. Then, the summer after John was graduated from high school, Dad made a special effort to get away for a trip. The two of them were off for a week of fishing and hunting. It was to have been the most glorious week they had known. Instead, it ended in tragedy."

He gripped the wheel, and the lines in his face tightened. "There was an automobile accident. Dad was hurt, but John had a brain injury. He died before they could operate. After that Dad took up brain surgery. He felt that it might compensate in some way for the loss of his own son if he could help save other men's sons."

"And you were to have taken John's place in everything," she said gently.

"Yes," he answered. For a moment his hand closed over hers— the work-roughened hand of a farmer.

She watched from the station until the train disappeared in the distance then drove quickly homeward. Exhausted from the events of the long night, she slept deeply, in spite

of her concern. When she awakened the sun was threading the room with shafts of gold. She could hear Mrs. Jackson already in the kitchen taking care of Kimmy's needs.

She dressed rapidly and went into the kitchen to break the news, thankful that they both had strong backs and willing hands. With what time Jim Hawkins could spare from his own farm work, they decided they could manage to keep things going until Jed returned. The spring planting was all finished, fortunately.

The days passed swiftly, so workfilled that almost her only recreation was the daily walk down to the mailbox. Accompanied by a chattering Kimmy, she enjoyed it to the utmost. The letters from Jed were the bright spots of her days, and reports on the injured hand were awaited with hopeful anxiety.

She had learned from one of the first letters that a second operation had been performed, but there was little chance that the hand would ever regain the delicate precision and sureness that had given Dr. Lansing a reputation of fame in his chosen field.

TODAY, eager as Margaret was to reach the mailbox and learn the news from Jed, she forced herself to walk slowly, stopping often to satisfy Kimmy's curiosity—first that of a bluebird singing on a fence post, then of a wild flower that grew along the edge of the lane. A child's curiosity to learn—to know, was a wonderful thing.

Her spirits soared high at the sight of Jed's dear, familiar handwriting, when they finally reached the end of the long lane where the mailbox stood. But there was another still more exciting letter, a letter addressed to Mrs. Jackson. It was typewritten and the printing in the left-hand corner indicated that it was from the War Department.

She prodded Kimmy on until they had covered about half the distance back to the house, and then, at once fearful and hopeful of what the letter addressed to Mrs. Jackson might contain, she picked him up and ran the rest of the distance to the house.

She half forgot her own letter in her anxiety to learn what news there was of Dick. With trembling fingers, Mrs. Jackson finally managed to open and unfold the letter. She looked at it briefly, and then handed it over. "Here, you read it," she said.

"Your son is coming home," Margaret told her, after summarizing the message in one quick glance.

"I can't believe it," Mrs. Jackson declared finally.

It wasn't until Margaret was alone, her friend having gone down to her own little cottage, that Margaret remembered she hadn't read her own letter as yet. She tucked Kimmy in bed for his afternoon nap, then sat down in her favorite chair in the kitchen to open the letter.

Jed's letter was heartwarming. His father's hand was doing quite well, and he would be home before the week was out, bringing his parents with him if they would consent to come. "They both need a change and a rest," the letter read, "and this time we will give them a real welcome."

(To be concluded)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Laura Millard

SUGAR HOUSE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
May 28, 1954

Front row, seventh and eighth from the left: Anne W. Jones, chorister, and Elva Fletcher, organist.

Back row, left to right: Louise Cahoon, First Counselor; Laura R. Millard, President; Bernice Cheshire, Second Counselor.

Photograph submitted by Ruth Mae Witt

WASATCH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, second from right (in dark dress): Ruth Mae Witt, President, Wasatch Stake Relief Society.

Second row, at left: Florence Whiting, chorister.

Third row, second from the right: Yvonne Miller, accompanist.

Photograph submitted by Verna A. Hunter

LIBERTY STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS PAGEANT "THEY BUILDED WELL"

February 23, 1954

This pageant was presented in honor of the past presidents of the stake, most of whom were in attendance. The pageant also commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of Liberty Stake. Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor in the general presidency of Relief Society, was in attendance. Music was presented by the Singing Mothers under the direction of Vera Clayton, with Nan Jones as accompanist. Representing Mother Liberty and Father Time were Gwen Jones and Abraham L. Stout, with Winnifred H. Smith and Mildred Elggren as narrators. A committee, consisting of Verna A. Hunter, Irma Keller, Kathryn Hopkinson, and Ruby Hunt of the stake Relief Society presidency, and all stake board members assisted in this production, with forty people participating.

Verna A. Hunter is president of Liberty Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Joan W. Coombs

TONGAN MISSION, HIHIFO DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY SHIRTMAKING PROJECT

Kneeling in front, left to right: Counselors Meliame Vaisa and Mele Tonga.

At the extreme right: the president of Hihifo District Relief Society, and next to her, Levila Mokofisi. The other women represent several branches in the district.

Joan W. Coombs, President, Tongan Mission Relief Society, reports the success of this shirtmaking project and other activities in her mission: "This is a picture of our first district sewing class on shirtmaking without a pattern, that we are teaching now in all the districts. About twenty attended this first class, and three-fourths of them finished a good shirt . . . . Since then we have had increasing attendance and wide interest and have held about ten classes, some in districts and others in large branches, contacting about sixty to eighty women who actually sewed a shirt, and many others who came to watch, as they couldn't afford material at this time . . . . We have had a lot of nice comments from husbands . . . . I want to report on the success of our first mission Relief Society convention held on the second week in April here in Nukualofa . . . . The convention plan is new here, but we had considerable success with it and very good attendance. Three of our four districts were completely represented, and one district, which couldn't come because of boat difficulties, sent their district officers . . . who then took materials back with them, and are now holding a very good district convention there. We had between one hundred eighty and two hundred at each meeting . . . . We have finished translating and printing a *Relief Society Handbook* for officers, taking the parts from the English *Handbook* that are most pertinent to the work here. We had a two-day convention, with meetings on explanation of the reports, the *Handbook*, duties of officers, and other phases of the work. Also, one session was a songfest, with our district Singing Mothers' choruses each introducing a new translated song we got from Zion, along with some quartets. Each district is now planning a songfest or Tongan concert."

Photograph submitted by LaPriel S. Bunker

CALIFORNIA MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1954

District Presidents, left to right: June Turley, Imperial District; Jetta Tyrrel, San Gorgonio District; Fay Curtis, Colorado River District; Elizabeth Merwin, Oak Creek; Myreel Lewis, Yuma; Rhea Carrick, Mt. Whitney; Fawn Wilcox, South Coast; Addie Smith, immediate past president, Mt. Whitney District, who has served eight years; LaPriel S. Bunker, President, California Mission Relief Society.

Sister Bunker reports this convention as an occasion for rejoicing: "We were very pleased with the excellent attendance and the co-operation we received from the sisters and the Priesthood members. They traveled long distances and the women brought many handwork pieces for our display, which was very outstanding. At the noon hour we served luncheon to 120 people in the patio of our lovely new mission home. It was a delight for the sisters to see the new mission home and our beautiful Los Angeles temple for the first time . . . .We felt the Spirit of the Lord in rich abundance throughout our convention. Everyone who took part went the extra mile. I feel that the fasting and praying which many of us did proved once more how ready the Lord is to answer our prayers."

Wintertime Cafe

Bernice T. Clayton

When Daddy and I picked the apples last fall,
He said, "Now remember, son, don't pick them all;
There are plenty for us, so leave some on the tree."
"But why?" I asked Dad, but he said, "Wait and see."
I waited and watched, for I wanted to know.
But not a thing happened until the big snow,
Then birds found the apples and sent out the word
That here was a feast for each cold, hungry bird.
They came then by dozens; the tree, almost bare,
Just burst into blossoms of birds everywhere.
They twittered and chirped, and they chattered away,
Each one saying, "Thanks, for this fine birds' cafe."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 31—Helaman, Son of Alma, and His Two Thousand Sons

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapters 50-58)

For Tuesday, April 5, 1955

Objective: To show the power of mothers in teaching their children to obey the commandments and not to doubt, but to put their faith in the Lord for their preservation.

Dissension With the King-Men

EVEN though there was temporary peace in the land, Moroni continued to prepare for war. In the twentieth year of the reign of judges he further fortified the cities and the boundary line between Zarahemla and the land of Nephi. The Nephites were blessed by the Lord in accordance with the promises if they would keep his commandments.

In the thirty-fourth year, however, a boundary dispute arose between the people of the land of Morianton and the land of Lehi. Morianton, leader of the rebellious inhabitants of Morianton, tried to escape northward with his followers ". . . which would have been a cause to have been lamented . . ." but Teancum, one of Moroni's great leaders, killed Morianton and carried his army back as prisoners to Moroni. Upon covenanting to keep peace, they were restored to their lands.

That same year, Nephihah, second chief judge, died. The record states that while filling ". . . the judgment-seat with perfect uprightness before God . . . he had refused Alma to take possession of those records and those things which were esteemed by Alma and his fathers to be most sacred; therefore Alma had conferred them upon his son, Helaman" (Alma 50:37-38). Nephihah's son Pahoran was appointed chief judge and governor over the people.

In the beginning of the next year

a part of the Nephites sought to dethrone Pahoran because of his unwillingness to alter the law so that the free government could be changed to a monarchy. The dissenters were called king-men and they were of high birth; but the voice of the people favored the cause of the freemen and Pahoran retained the judgment-seat.

At this critical time Amalickiah again stirred up the Lamanites to battle against the Nephites. The army of the enemy was so great that they were unafraid to come down even to the land of Zarahemla.

When the rebellious king-men heard of the approach of the Lamanites, they refused to take up arms to defend their own country. Moroni was given the authority either to compel them to fight or to put them to death. Four thousand were killed in the ensuing struggle and their other leaders were thrown into prison. The remainder:

> . . . yielded to the standard of liberty, and were compelled to hoist the title of liberty upon their towers, and in their cities, and to take up arms in defence of their country (Alma 51:20).

Ammaron New King of Lamanites

While Moroni was thus engaged in overcoming internal troubles, Amalickiah was able to capture many Nephite cities. These were so well fortified that they afforded strongholds for the Lamanites when they fell into their hands. Teancum with his great warriors, however, repulsed the enemy as they were marching to take possession of the land Bountiful. That night Teancum with his servant stole into the camp of the Lamanites and killed Amalickiah as he lay asleep in his tent. Ammoron, Amalickiah's brother, was then appointed the new king of the Lamanites. At this time Moroni instructed Teancum to ". . . secure the narrow pass which led into the land northward, lest the Lamanites should obtain that point and should have power to harass them on every side" (Alma 52:9).

Moroni with the help of Lehi and Teancum won a great victory over the Lamanites. The Nephite city of Mulek was recaptured, but the beloved leader Moroni was wounded. Lehi, we are told:

> . . . was a man who had been with Moroni in the more part of all his battles; and he was a man like unto Moroni, and they rejoiced in each other's safety; yea, they were beloved by each other, and also beloved by all the people of Nephi (Alma 53:2).

Teancum, at the order of Moroni, caused the Lamanite prisoners to fortify Bountiful and they were guarded therein, but on another front the Lamanites captured other cities.

Sons of Helaman

At this time the converted Lamanites, known as the people of Ammon, who had covenanted never to bear arms again and who had been protected by the Nephites while they helped support the army with provisions, became so concerned over the reverses of the war that they felt they ought to take up arms in defense of their country. They felt themselves to be a burden to the Nephites. Helaman, however, ". . . feared lest by so doing they should lose their souls . . ." (Alma 53:15). However, they had many sons who had not entered into the

covenant and they assembled together, two thousand of them, and asked Helaman to be their leader:

> And they were all young men, and they were exceedingly valiant for courage, and also for strength and activity; but behold, this was not all—they were men who were true at all times in whatsoever thing they were entrusted. Yea, they were men of truth and soberness, for they had been taught to keep the commandments of God and to walk uprightly before him (Alma 53:20-21).

Moroni Rejects Prisoner Exchange

In the twenty-ninth year of the judges, Ammoron and Moroni wrote letters concerning the exchange of prisoners. Moroni agreed to exchange one of Ammoron's men for a Nephite man, his wife, and children. In Moroni's answer he warned:

> Behold, I would tell you somewhat concerning the justice of God, and the sword of his almighty wrath, which doth hang over you except ye repent and withdraw your armies into your own lands, or the land of your possessions, which is the land of Nephi. Yea, I would tell you these things if ye were capable of hearkening unto them; yea, I would tell you concerning that awful hell that awaits to receive such murderers as thou and thy brother have been, except ye repent and withdraw your murderous purposes, and return with your armies to your own lands . . . and except you withdraw your purposes, behold, ye will pull down the wrath of that God whom you have rejected upon you . . . and ye shall soon be visited with death (Alma 54:6-7, 9-10).

In his reply, Ammoron closed his letter with the words:

> And as concerning that God whom ye say we have rejected, behold, we know not such a being; neither do ye; but if it so be that there is such a being, we know not but that he hath made us as well as you. And if it so be that there is a devil and a hell, behold will he not send you there to dwell with my brother whom ye have murdered . . . . I am Ammoron, and a descendant of Zoram, whom your fathers pressed and brought out of Jerusalem (Alma 54:21-23).

Moroni was so incensed by the false assertion of Ammoron that he refused to exchange prisoners; but by strategy he won the Nephite prisoners in the city of Gid, and, also, the city without any bloodshed. This was pleasing to Moroni who delighted in saving his people from destruction.

By the close of the twenty-ninth year, Moroni was making preparations to attack the city of Morianton which the Lamanites were daily strengthening.

Letter of Helaman to Moroni

In the beginning of the thirtieth year, Moroni received a letter from Helaman set forth in chapters 56, 57, and 58 of Alma. The contents of this letter comprise the remainder of this lesson. Helaman addressed Moroni as ". . . My dearly beloved brother, Moroni, as well in the Lord as in the tribulations of our warfare . . ." (Alma 56:2). He then recounted the circumstances, four years previously, which had surrounded his coming with his two thousand sons ("for they are worthy to be called sons") to support the army of Antipus in the city of Judea.

Antipus, Helaman wrote, rejoiced exceedingly to have them because the Lamanites had killed such a vast number of his men:

> . . . for which cause we have to mourn. Nevertheless, we may console ourselves in this point, that they have died in the cause of their country and of their God,

yea, and they are happy (Alma 56: 10-11).

Capture of City of Antiparah

When Ammoron learned of the added strength of Antipus' army he forbade the Lamanites to go against Judea. Thus Antipus was given added time to prepare. During the lull he received two thousand other reinforcements from Zarahemla and many provisions from the fathers of Helaman's two thousand sons. With such strength Antipus devised a successful stratagem to recapture the city of Antiparah. According to the plan, the sons of Helaman lured on the Lamanites for two days into the wilderness. On the morning of the third day the Lamanites halted.

Helaman asked his sons whether they should turn and attack the Lamanites, who might be laying a snare, or attack them in case Antipus had caught up to the rear of the Lamanites, according to the plan, and a battle might be in progress. Helaman asked:

> Therefore what say ye, my sons, will ye go against them to battle? And now I say . . . my beloved brother Moroni, that never had I seen so great courage, nay, not amongst all the Nephites (Alma 56:44-45).

Helaman continues:

> For as I had ever called them my sons (for they were all of them very young) even so they said unto me: Father, behold our God is with us, and he will not suffer that we should fall; then let us go forth; we would not slay our brethren if they would let us alone; therefore let us go, lest they should overpower the army of Antipus. Now they never had fought, yet they did not fear death; and they did think more upon the liberty of their fathers than they did upon their lives; yea, they had been taught by their mothers, that if they did not doubt, God would deliver them. And they rehearsed unto me the words of their mothers, saying: We do not doubt our mothers knew it (Alma 56:46-48).

They found that Antipus had indeed attacked the rear of the Lamanites and had fallen by the sword, and his army was about to fall into the hands of the Lamanites. Instead of winning a victory, there would have been a disastrous defeat had not Helaman and his two thousand sons returned.

After the surrender of the Lamanites, Helaman numbered the young men, fearing that many were slain.

> But behold, to my great joy, there had not one soul of them fallen to the earth; yea, and they had fought as if with the strength of God; yea, never were men known to have fought with such miraculous strength; and with such mighty power did they fall upon the Lamanites, that they did frighten them; and for this cause did the Lamanites deliver themselves up as prisoners of war (Alma 56:56).

Capture of City of Cumeni

In the twenty-ninth year, Helaman received reinforcements and provisions from Zarahemla, and sixty more sons of the Anti-Lehi-Nephis joined the two thousand. With this strength the city of Cumeni was taken. Helaman decided to send the great number of prisers back to the land of Zarahemla, since he did not have sufficient provisions to feed them, and he was reluctant to slay them. After the prisoners had left under a heavy guard, a new army of Ammoron's attacked Cumeni. The guards in charge of the prisoners, being warned by Nephite spies, returned to the city to help Helaman in the battle. A part of the Lamanite prisoners fled; but the greater number were slain in trying to escape from the guards.

As the guards arrived at Cumeni, the Lamanites were about to overpower the Nephites:

> But behold, my little band of two thousand and sixty fought most desperately; yea, they were firm before the Lamanites, and did administer death unto all those who opposed them. . . . Yea, and they did obey and observe to perform every word of command with exactness; yea, and even according to their faith it was done unto them; and I did remember the words which they said unto me that their mothers had taught them (Alma 57:19, 21).

It was to the sons of Helaman and the guards who returned, that Helaman gave credit for the great victory in holding the city.

Miraculous Preservation of Sons of Helaman

After the Lamanites had fled, Helaman ordered the wounded to be taken from the dead. He found that two hundred of his sons had fainted from loss of blood, but, to the astonishment of the whole army, not one of the two thousand sixty died, although every one had received many wounds. It was ascribed:

> . . . to the miraculous power of God, because of their exceeding faith in that which they had been taught to believe—that there was a just God, and whosoever did not doubt, that they should be preserved by his marvelous power (Alma 57:26).

Helaman was under the necessity of maintaining the parts of the land which his army had won, before seeking to capture Manti, their next objective. He waited for reinforcements to arrive from Zarahemla, and sent an embassy to the governor with a dispatch telling of the happenings in that part of the land and asking for new strength. After many months two thousand men came to their assistance, bringing food, just as they were about to perish from hunger.

Capture of City of Manti

In addressing Moroni, Helaman remarked that he did not know why more strength had not been sent to them as they were opposing an innumerable enemy. While in these precarious circumstances, Helaman reported, he and his men did ". . . pour out our souls in prayer to God . . ." that he would give them strength to retain the cities and possessions for the support of their people. And the Lord, Helaman asserted, visited them with an assurance that he would save them. Peace and great faith then came to comfort the small army, and Helaman decided to go against the city of Manti without waiting for reinforcements.

Because of Helaman's small number of soldiers, the Lamanites allowed themselves to be lured out of the city and sent their numerous army into the wilderness in pursuit of only a part of Helaman's forces. The two small detachments which he left hidden near the city, then overpowered the few guards left in Manti and took possession of it. The Lamanite army finally feared an ambush as they were drawn nearer to Zarahemla, so they began to retreat and pitched their tents for the night. Helaman then led his troops, under cover of darkness, back to Manti, which was retaken ". . . without the shedding of blood."

The Lamanites were so struck with fear that they fled out of all that quarter of the land, but carried

away many Nephite women and children with them. Helaman reported that all the Nephite cities which had been taken by the Lamanites in that part of the land were in the Nephites' possession once more, but he did not have sufficient strength to maintain them against a new invasion of the Lamanites. In the letter, Helaman asked Moroni if all the reinforcements had had to be sent to Moroni. If that was not the case, then Helaman said, he feared that there must be factions in the government which denied him assistance.

Helaman finished his letter in the latter part of the twenty-ninth year. The Lamanites had fled back to the land of Nephi. Before closing his letter to Moroni, Helaman again spoke of his two thousand sixty sons:

> And those sons of the people of Ammon, of whom I have so highly spoken, are with me in the city of Manti; and the Lord has supported them, yea, and kept them from falling by the sword, insomuch that even one soul has not been slain. But behold, they have received many wounds; nevertheless they stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has made them free; and they are strict to remember the Lord their God from day to day; yea, they do observe to keep his statutes, and his judgments, and his commandments continually; and their faith is strong in the prophecies concerning that which is to come. And now, my beloved brother, Moroni, may the Lord our God, who has redeemed us and made us free, keep you continually in his presence; yea, and may he favor this people, even that ye may have success in obtaining the possession of all that which the Lamanites have taken from us, which was for our support. And now, behold, I close mine epistle. I am Helaman, the son of Alma (Alma 58: 39-41).

Questions for Discussion

1. How is the character of Moroni shown by the words ". . . he would not fall upon the Lamanites and destroy them in their drunkenness"? (Alma 55:19).
2. Relate instances which reveal Helaman's great character both as a spiritual leader and a military leader.
3. Show how the teachings of mothers can train their children in righteousness and instill faith in God.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 31: "For That Which Ye Do Send Out Shall Return Unto You Again, and Be Restored . . ." (Alma 41:15).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 5, 1955

Objective: To lend incentive to the performance of good deeds

THIS truism is as certain to be fulfilled in each of our lives, as that, in the usual course of things, the sun will rise and set. The law of cause and effect is ever at work in the physical universe and applies equally to God's children and their behavior here on earth. Many passages of scripture verify this principle:

. . . for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap (Galatians 6:7).

Even as I have seen, they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same (Job 4:8).

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days (Ecclesiastes 11:1).

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:20-21).

The quotations using the sowing of seeds and reaping the harvest are particularly applicable, in that seeds always yield their own kind. Seed wheat always produces wheat, weeds bring forth their kind, and it is inevitable, too, that good begets good and evil brings forth evil.

Sometimes in this life we see evil apparently go unpunished, but we need not be concerned over this seeming neglect of punishment. The law of retribution is infallible, and punishment will be meted out in the Lord's own due time.

This same law of cause and effect applies to matters other than rewards and punishment of good and evil deeds. We cannot expect more from life than we put into it. "Smile and the world smiles with you," is very true. For every good thing there is a price required. "If you wish to have a friend," we are advised, "be a friend."

Think of the people to whom you are very much attracted. What qualities do they possess that make them attractive to you? In all probability they have cheerful dispositions, are friendly, thoughtful of others, and sincere. You may say, "Oh, I wish I might be like her!" You can, by making those same qualities a part of your own personality.

This principle of sending out that which one would like returned in kind, is especially applicable to the home and members of the family. Mothers and fathers definitely set the atmosphere of the home by their own conduct. If they radiate love, patience, encouragement, and consideration for each other, the children will, through both example and teaching, do the same. If, however, parents quarrel, scold, and criticize, there is a strong tendency for such conduct to be echoed by the children, resulting in discord throughout the entire household:

Then give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you (*Masterpieces of Religion*, "Life's Mirror," Madeline Bridges, page 365).

By a whisper sow we blessings;
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.
(*Hymns*, "We Are Sowing," page 192).

The Difference

Ing Smith

The road was long and hard as stone;
Because of pride I walked alone.
That long road now too quickly ends:
The reason's clear—I walk with friends.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Vacuums

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, April 12, 1955

A vacuum cleaner represents a large expenditure for most families. It is an important piece of home equipment, since it protects the investment you have made in carpets, rugs, furniture, and other furnishings.

There are two main types of cleaners, straight suction or tank vacuums, and motor-driven brush or upright vacuums. Uprights have a brush that sweeps the dirt loose and a sucking action which carries it up into the bag. The tank and canister type of vacuum operates on the powerful suction principle. If there are many stairs to be cleaned, this kind will likely prove more convenient to use.

Before buying a vacuum keep the following suggestions in mind:

1. Try out different kinds of cleaners in your home. See which is easiest for you to operate and which does your work best.

2. Check to see if the dirt may be disposed of easily without the use of costly features that add materially to the cost of the vacuum.

3. Make sure there are guards to prevent marring furniture.

4. See if the nozzle and handle on an upright vacuum can be adjusted to different heights for convenient and effective use.

5. Look over the cleaning tools. A well-designed assortment of cleaning tools when used regularly, will greatly lighten such housecleaning chores as removing dust from window hangings, furniture, pictures, lamp shades, mattresses, bed springs, and polished floors.

6. Check to see if service and replacement parts can be readily available when needed.

Several short cleaning periods are kinder to your rug and much more effective in removing carpet soil than one longer cleaning period.

Rules to Remember in Caring for Your Vacuum:

1. Before connecting the cord to the wall outlet, make sure the switch on your cleaner is turned to "off." Otherwise, contact in the plug may be seriously damaged. To disconnect, grasp the plug firmly. Never tug on the cord.

2. Pick up pins and other metal objects by hand. They may seriously damage your cleaner.

3. Operate your cleaner slowly. The slower the upright is operated, the faster and more efficient will be the cleaning job. Operate a tank type with twice as many strokes as an upright. With either, do not skimp on cleaning time.

4. For best results, operate your cleaner in the direction of the pile of a rug, not across the weave.

5. Always be sure the nozzle of an upright cleaner as at the correct height. The bristles should touch the carpet pile. Oc-

casionally turn your vacuum over, place a straight-edged object across the nozzle opening. If the bristles are worn so they do not touch and cannot be lowered, the brush should be replaced. A brush that is lower than necessary, soon wears out and does less efficient cleaning than one that is just the right height.

6. Start each cleaning with an empty dust container. Dust bags are made large to provide a large filtering area and not to hold a great quantity of dirt. To operate a vacuum with a dust-filled bag is like driving a car with the breaks on. Tank cleaners have a smaller filtering area. This makes the frequent emptying of them especially important if the highest degree of air flow is to be maintained.

7. Before you put your vacuum away, empty the dirt container. See that the brush bristles are free from hair, thread, string, or lint. Occasionally turn cloth bags inside out and give them a good brushing after emptying them.

8. Wind the cord loosely around the hooks provided for it. Avoid kinking, twisting, and stretching. Alternate the winding plan so any wear that might result from winding will be distributed over several points.

9. Refer back to your instruction book often.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. It is extravagant to pay for unused conveniences.
2. Do you use your vacuum attachments as frequently as you would like to, or do you need them more readily accessible or in a more convenient place so you will use them oftener?
3. If so, why not replace the box they came in for a self-made convenient-to-use holder. Then place it near the spot they will be used most. When put to efficient use, vacuum attachments can save you time, energy, and money.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 47—"Adam Bede" by George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) (1819-1880)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 19, 1955

Objective: To enjoy *Adam Bede* and gain a greater understanding of some universal human problems.

THROUGHOUT time the best gift any great artist has left his fellowmen is himself. Or if we turn this coin over, on the other side it reads: "No enduring work of art has ever been conceived and executed by a puny person." George Eliot left six novels, some poems and sketches, to vindicate both her character as a person and her stature as a novelist. Of her best-known works *Adam-Bede* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), *Silas Marner* (1861), and *Middlemarch* (1871), *Adam Bede* through almost a century has sold twice as many copies as any of her other works, and, for us, it is the tool best-shaped to our purpose of appreciating George Eliot and her contribution to the English novel.

Born in 1819 the youngest of five children, Mary Ann spent the first thirty-one years of her life in the peace and security of the rural countryside where she was born. Her father was a carpenter, as his

fathers had been for generations. When, because of his honesty, industry, and respect for his betters, he was appointed overseer of an estate by a local nobleman, it was Mary Ann who rode with him in his buckboard as he spent endless hours driving about the countryside meeting the commonfolk and making financial arrangements with them. Thus Mary Ann spent her childhood absorbing the ways and beliefs, the language and the personalities of her own kind. It was at firsthand that she acquired her three life-long loves: love of nature and her beauties; love of common humankind, despite their many shortcomings; and love of a high moral code of belief.

Mary Ann was with her father constantly, nursing him for years before his final illness in 1849, when she was thirty. It was not until after his death that she felt she had a right to her own career, which explained her long delay in leaving her country home for the intellectual challenge of the city, in 1851. She came to London as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*, one of the most prominent journals of the English reform movement. She soon fell in love with George Henry Lewes, one of the prominent contributors to the *Westminster Review*, who had long been married, and was the father of three sons. Separated from his wife for several years, he was nevertheless unable to remarry, since at this time divorces in England could be granted only by a special act of Parliament.

Realizing the hopelessness of the situation, Mary Ann became George Lewes' common-law wife. They remained together until his death, twenty-four years later. Not only did these two support Lewes' sons, but the boys' mother also.

Thus it was Mary Ann Evans adopted the pen name of George Eliot. She had already written a series of sketches for her magazine dealing with the happy years of her youth. These were so successful that she wrote a novel; however, all her books were published under the name of George Eliot. Only Dickens and a few other identified the author as a woman, and her secret was kept until after her novels had achieved an overwhelming popularity with the English reading public.

George Eliot had strong, almost masculine intellectual powers, and loved ideas and the stimulation of discussion and spirited conversation. But she had a most feminine temperament, and the great need of her life was for love and tenderness. Because so many other values of life were shut off to her, her intellectual, artistic world was her only world. Contrary to so many Victorian novels, her books were not written to entertain, but to give life and body to her beliefs. In her books we find an intense moral earnestness; in each plot the moral problem is a choice between good and evil; and the moral values which she honors, are a great justification of the Christian ethics which were the core of her life. Her "religion of humanity," already familiar to us in her *Silas Marner*, is likewise given memorable statement in her best-known work, *Adam Bede*, which has also been spoken of as "our supreme novel of pastoral life."

A Perry Picture

MARY ANN EVANS
(George Eliot)
1819-1880

The Tempo of Adam Bede

As we grow older, the delicious, ruminating pastime of conversing with lifetime friends about "the good old days" becomes more and more rewarding. Nothing really "happens" during the first 150 pages in this novel, so busy is George Eliot doing just this. Her portrait of young, strong Adam Bede obviously is based on her father. Dinah Morris, the beautiful, sincere Methodist preacher, contains elements of both George Eliot and her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, who had spent her life as a preacher. We can safely conclude that the scene, texture, movement, and at least some of the main characters are autobiographical. And with what loving care does she handle each character or family group as she plucks them out of her memory-bag and on her page draws them into life.

But often, in life as in literature, it is in those unspectacular, routine days of leisurely, serene contentment when nothing "happens" worthy of entry in a diary or newspaper that the most sustaining essences of the good life are to be found. If we might accept this last statement as her purpose in writing the warm, gentle, meandering introduction, then we see how closely the ponderous, yet delightful movement of this first section matches her idea. Country life *is* beautiful, quiet, healthy, vigorous, and good. So, then, are the characters who live in the scenes she portrays.

While the book is named for Adam Bede, while Mrs. Poyser is the earthy, truth-speaking comic character; and the central tragic figure is Hetty and her betrayal into child-murder, the heart of the story lies within the community as a collective, mutually sustaining unit. George Eliot takes us to dairies, farms, birthdays, weddings, carpenter shops, schoolrooms, and the open fields so that we may see the individual members of the wholeness that is Hayslope Village. Her peaceful, contented pace is dominant from the first page:

> The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frame, and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling . . . . On a heap of those soft shavings a rough, grey shepherd-dog

had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen . . . .

A panoramic view of the countryside near Hayslope again details in real, living tones the pastoral peace of this "pleasant land":

High up against the horizon were the huge conical masses of hill, like giant mounds intended to fortify this region of corn and grass against the keen and hungry winds of the north; not distant enough to be clothed in purple mystery, but with sombre greenish sides visibly specked with sheep, whose motion was only revealed by memory, not detected by sight. . . . It was that moment in summer when the sound of the scythe being whetted makes us cast more lingering looks at the flower-sprinkled tresses of the meadows. . . . Now and then there was a new arrival; perhaps a slouching labourer, who, having eaten his supper, came out to look at the unusual scene with a slow bovine gaze, willing to hear what any one had to say, but by no means excited enough to ask a question.

She speaks of the sun as "hidden for a moment, and it shone out like a recovered joy"; likewise shines forth the sound of laughter as Adam walks in the fields of an early morning

. . . and perhaps there is no time in a summer's day more cheering, than when the warmth of the sun is just beginning to triumph over the freshness of the morning—when there is just the lingering hint of early coolness to keep off langour under the delicious influence of warmth.

Theory of Literature

From the time she first wrote, and throughout the rest of the century, George Eliot was one of the most popular of Victorian novelists. If there were some before her time who opposed the novel as evil, they were surely won over by *Adam Bede* and similar moralizing works.

In chapter seventeen the author stops the progress of her story to tell her method and her goals. And, in telling her story, the only thing she fears is falseness; she wants to tell things as they are: "Have I any time to spend on things that never existed?" she asks. No. She pledges herself to tell the life of the countryfolk exactly as she knew it, without "prettying it up"; how should the truth be told about a husband:

. . . who has other irritating habits besides that of not wiping his shoes? These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are: you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—among whom your life is passed—that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love: it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people, whose moments of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.

In painting life, she says, let us search for beauty of form, but let us also search for "that other beauty too, which lies in . . . secret deep human sympathy." We must be allowed to paint Madonnas, but we must not be prevented from finding beauty in "those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands." Beautiful heroes and heroines are so very rare, and they must not receive more than their share of reverence.

It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely-assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsome rascal in red scarf and green feathers—more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me.

Or as Adam Bede says of religion, "religion's something else besides notions. It isn't notions sets people doing the right thing—it's feelings." And finally these right feelings towards one's fellow man are "a kind of knowledge," the most precious kind for George Eliot and her world. For her, human nature is lovable, and the common here-and-now *the best* anyone can dream of.

Plot of Adam Bede

Adam and his brother Seth are young, industrious carpenters who live with Lisabeth, their loving but jealous mother, and Thais, their father, formerly a workman proud of his trade but now addicted to drink. Seth loves Dinah Morris, the beautiful niece of Mrs. Poyser, a kind, sharp-tongued neighbor, but Dinah desires only to minister to the needs of her fellow Methodists through her preaching. Also living with the Poysers is Hetty Sorrel, beautiful, vain, and shallow. Adam's love for her grows, but she is having a secret affair with Captain Arthur Donnithorne, handsome, dashing, and heir to the local estate. Hetty tolerates Adam, but her dream is to be Mrs. Donnithorne, and Lady of the Manor.

When Adam accidentlly discovers Arthur and Hetty kissing, he accuses Arthur of dishonorable intentions, and forces him to break off his relationship with Hetty, since quality folk like Arthur never marry commoners. Arthur leaves Hayslope, and soon Adam is betrothed to Hetty, who at first is indifferent, then terrified when she discovers she is pregnant by Arthur. Only a short time before their wedding day she leaves the farm, pretending to visit Dinah Morris, but actually she undertakes the long trip to Arthur at Windsor. Destitute and weary, Hetty arrives to find that Arthur is in Ireland. Distraught, she sells her precious earrings and plans to go to Dinah, but her baby comes too soon. Filled with shame, dread, and animal fright, Hetty leaves her baby to die of exposure, then plans suicide, but she has not the courage, and is taken to court.

The Poysers, Adam, Reverend Irwine, her beloved minister, and Bartle Massey, the local teacher, attend her trial. She seems struck dumb, responding to nothing until Dinah Morris arrives, prays with her, and stays with her constantly until finally she confesses her crime. When Hetty is sentenced to hang, Adam is completely broken, but he can do nothing. As Hetty travels in the cart to the hanging, Arthur arrives with a last minute reprieve.

Hetty goes to prison, Arthur goes to the army, and the Hayslope folk return home. Gradually Adam finds himself drawn more and more to Dinah, and after asking approval from his brother Seth, who once loved her, he asks Dinah to marry him. She admits her love, but remains true to the ministry. She goes away, but when Adam finally follows her, she confesses her feeling that now it is the will of God that they marry.

Significance of Adam Bede

George Eliot introduced a new realism into the history of the English novel. Her delineation of the virtues of the humdrum peasant life is one of the most sympathetic and detailed in English literature. More important, she furthered the technique of describing what goes on *within* her character's mind and heart, as well as narrating outward events. Hetty's "Journey in Despair" reveals with rare power the inward workings of the female heart; she knew the psychology of woman as have few writers. She could also portray her male characters convincingly. Adam incarnates the virtues which George Eliot most admired: courage, industry, gentleness, integrity, patience, love, and strength. Mrs. Poyser's racy tongue is memorable for such comments as the following on being a wife:

I know that the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend

she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants ina wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise.

And on gossip:

I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own insides.

And when, defying all common sense, she tells the greedy Squire, their boss:

We're not dumb creaturs to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands . . . . An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish . . . for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose . . . .

Sometimes, with the slowness of her movement, her habit of asking questions and then answering them, long inserted editorials, and warping her story to make justice triumph and good be rewarded, George Eliot taxes the modern reader. But her deep love for humankind, her description of rural life in patient, exacting detail, and her belief in the supremacy of high moral principles make her works permanently rewarding.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why did Mary Ann Evans assume a pen name?
2. What group of Englishmen are "her people?"
3. How might the slow-moving beginning of *Adam Bede* be justified?
4. George Eliot's novels were not written merely to entertain; what, then, was her purpose in writing as she did?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

(It is recommended that each Relief Society member read the text of the Constitution relating to each lesson as printed before the lesson.)

Article XI

The Judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by Citizens of another State, or by Citizens or Subjects of any Foreign State.

Article XII

The Electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate;—

The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted;—

The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed; and

if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President, shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of Electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list, the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

Article XIII

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Article XIV

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Section 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Section 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

Section 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

ARTICLE XV

Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Lesson 13—Amendments Eleven Through Fifteen

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Texts: *Your Rugged Constitution,* (*Y. R. C.*), pp. 219-237; *The Constitution of the United States Its Sources and Application,* (*C. of U. S.*), pp. 228-251

For Tuesday, April 26, 1955

Objective: To study the Amendments to the Constitution which were adopted following the Bill of Rights down through the Civil War to 1870.

A Limit on the Power of Federal Courts—Amendment Eleven (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 220-221; *C. of U. S.*, page 228)

The Judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by Citizens of another State, or by Citizens or Subjects of any Foreign State.

IN 1793 the Supreme Court of the United States, in a celebrated case known as Chisholm vs. Georgia, affirmed a judgment obtained by Chisholm of South Carolina against the State of Georgia in a Federal Court. The case created a furor among the states because it was regarded as an affront to the dignity of a state that it should be sued by a citizen of another state or of a foreign state. This ruling by the Supreme Court was perfectly consistent with the Constitution before the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment. Within a matter of days after the decision was announced, the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution was introduced in Congress. It was finally ratified in 1798 by the required number of states and became part of the Constitution on January 8, 1798. Now a state may not be sued without its consent by a citizen of another state or of a foreign state in any United States court.

Election of the President and Vice-President—Amendment Twelve (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 222-225; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 228-232)

The language of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution is rather voluminous. Its provisions have no substantial effect upon our constitutional rights. Consequently it is not deemed of enough importance to set forth the language of this Amendment verbatim. It is of interest, however, to note the historical reason for its adoption.

The purpose of this Amendment was simply to change the method of voting in the Electoral College for the office of President and Vice-

President. In the election of 1800 there was a tie vote in the Electoral College in the contest between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. The election of the President was therefore thrown into the House of Representatives where Jefferson was finally elected. Under the original wording of the Constitution, Presidential Electors voted for two persons for the office of President and Vice-President, with no designation of their choice for either office, and the person having the highest number of votes was declared to be President and the second highest candidate the Vice-President. The growth of party politics and the party system made imperative the change which was effected by the Twelfth Amendment. Under this Amendment Presidential Electors are required to designate the person they are voting for as President and Vice-President respectively. This Amendment became a part of the Constitution in 1804.

Abolition of Slavery—Thirteenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 226-227; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 232-235)

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

After the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment in 1804, the Constitution of the United States remained unchanged for sixty-one years.

The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments were all adopted as a result of the great controversy over slavery. These Amendments are commonly referred to as the "Reconstruction Amendments."

It is of great importance to observe, as has been previously mentioned, that the first Ten Amendments to the Constitution, which we know and refer to as the Bill of Rights, were direct limitations upon the power of the National Government over the lives and property of the states and of individual citizens. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, on the other hand, operate upon the power of the states and limit their power over the lives and property of individual citizens and persons. While, in the beginning, the power of a strong central National Government was distrusted and feared, the conviction finally developed that unlimited power in the states was likewise to be feared.

The Thirteenth Amendment was introduced in Congress in January of 1865, just prior to the end of the Civil War. It was ratified as part of the Constitution the same year. This Amendment abolished slavery and involuntary servitude in the United States except imprisonment for crime.

Before the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment, Lincoln had freed the slaves by the Emancipation Proclamation. The Emancipation Proclamation operated only in the states engaged in Civil War against the United States. Slavery in the District of Columbia and in the territories had also been abolished. Congress had likewise passed laws freeing slaves serving in the Union cause. None of these enactments, laws, and declarations,

abolished slavery. It was deemed necessary, therefore, to adopt an Amendment to the Constitution which would accomplish that result.

The provisions of the Thirteenth Amendment relating to involuntary servitude deserve brief comment. This provision was designed to strike down any laws providing for imprisonment for debt, forced labor, and peonage such as existed in some of the South American countries. Under this Amendment, the state law providing that a person fined for a misdemeanor (infringement of a minor criminal law) could confess judgment and agree to work out the fine imposed, was held to be unconstitutional and in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment. Still another law was held unconstitutional under this Amendment which provided that a contract could be made providing for the right to imprison a worker or keep him under guard until the service which he agreed to perform had been completed.

The Supreme Court has ruled that this Amendment operates only upon the states and not upon individuals. Consequently, acts of Congress designed to prevent individuals from discriminating against negroes in such matters as hotel, restaurant, and railroad accommodations, have been held unconstitutional.

Privileges of Citizens — Fourteenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.* pp. 228-235; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 235-250.)

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution became a part of that great document on July 21, 1868. It was introduced in Congress June 16, 1866. It was found that the provisions of the Thirteenth Amendment freeing the slaves were insufficient to safeguard the rights of the negro. The purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to make him a citizen.

This great Amendment, which has been the subject of literally hundreds of interpretative decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States, consists of five sections. Only one of them is set out in this lesson. Section One defines citizenship under the Constitution and laws of the United States and prohibits the states from abridging or denying any of the rights belonging to such citizenship. It makes all citizens of the United States also citizens of the state of their residence.

After the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment laws were passed which denied to negroes substantial rights of citizenship. For example, some of those laws forbade his ownership of land. Others set him apart and segregated him from the white population except in the form of a menial servant, and others sought to chain him to the land and made him incompetent to testify as a witness in court in a case in which a white person was a party. These and all other similar discriminations were struck down by section one of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Before the adoption of this

Amendment, citizenship in the United States was derived from citizenship in some state. The Fourteenth Amendment reversed this theory or rule of citizenship and made state citizenship derivative from citizenship in the United States.

The Fourteenth Amendment was designed primarily for the benefit of the negro, but its protection extends to all persons born in the United States or naturalized under its laws, and makes them citizens.

It has been pointed out how the Fifth Amendment forbids the National Government from depriving persons of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The Fourteenth Amendment restrains the states from doing the same thing. The provisions of the final clause of section one prohibit the states from denying equal protection of the laws to any person within their jurisdiction. This simply means that no hostile or discriminating legislation of a state directed against individuals, singled out for its application, may be enacted or enforced.

Section two of the Fourteenth Amendment need receive only brief mention and its text is not set out in full. In substance, section two provides a punishment for a state which prevents or refuses to allow any qualified citizen of the United States to vote in an election. It does not prevent the enactment by a state of laws defining qualifications for voting which have equal application to all citizens of the United States. Thus, for example, a law requiring that a voter be able to read and write is not unconstitutional.

Section two also empowers Congress to reduce the basis of representation in Congress of any state which denies voting privileges to citizens entitled to vote. This power, it may be added, has never been exercised by Congress.

Section three of the Amendment disqualifies from office under the National Government all persons who had been engaged in the Civil War on the side of the Confederacy. Inasmuch as the disabilities of the section have long since ceased to have any force or effect, its only interest to us now is purely historical. In 1898 the last vestiges of this disability were removed by Congress.

Section four of the Amendment recognized the validity of the public debt of the United States, but expressly repudiated all debts and obligations incurred in aid of rebellion or insurrection against the United States. This section was obviously aimed at the public debt and obligations of the Confederacy and made them void. On the other hand, section four made the states of the Southern Confederacy proportionately liable for all of the indebtedness incurred by the United States in prosecuting the war against the Confederacy. As a result of section four of the Fourteenth Amendment, the public debt of the Confederacy was declared void. It amounted to at least two billion dollars. Furthermore, it expressly prohibited the United States or any state from paying for the emancipation of any slave. This resulted in a property loss of another two billion dollars to the former slave owners.

Section five empowers Congress

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to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment by appropriate legislation.

Franchisement of Citizens of All Races — Fifteenth Amendment, (Y. R. C., pp. 236-237; C. of U. S., pp. 250-251)

Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Section 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The Fifteenth Amendment was adopted March 30, 1870. It formed the final capstone to freeing the slaves. The Thirteenth Amendment freed the slave. The Fourteenth made him a citizen. The Fifteenth Amendment made him a voter. These three Amendments completed the restraints placed upon the states to prevent arbitrary and discriminatory exercise of power over citizens and persons as the first Ten Amendments had placed similar restraints upon the national power.

Questions on the Lesson

1. How does the Eleventh Amendment limit the judicial power of the United States?
2. What changes were effected in the selection of the President and Vice-President by the Twelfth Amendment?
3. By what name are the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments commonly known?
4. What were these Amendments designed to accomplish?
5. What was the specific purpose of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments?
6. May any state deny citizenship to a citizen of the United States? Explain.
7. Is the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment limited to negroes?

On Measuring

Mabel Jones Gabbott

When I was one and five,
I stood up straight and tall,
While mother marked my height
In inches on the wall.

Now I am one and five
Times many more; it's true
My reaching up was stopped
At inches: sixty-two.

How shall I note my growth
As future years unroll—
In breadth and span of mind
And depth of heart and soul?

New Year's Prayer

Vesta N. Lukei

Upon the New Year's shining scroll.
Beloved, now, let me enroll
Our names, our need for special care,
And, with humility, my prayer
To God that he protect and bless
Our pure bright love with happiness;
And guide us with his wisdom, clear
And understanding, through this year.

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Back Fence Neighbors

Christie Lund Coles

Gossips, some call them,
The women who choose
To pause by the fence
When they've hung their clothes.

Yet, neighbors are neighbors,
And sometimes, much more;
And a woman needs one
Not too far from her door,

To tell her the news
Of children and church,
To give recipes,
To aid in the search

Of small child or dog
Strayed from the place.
A true neighbor-friend
Wears heaven's own grace.

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Playtime Is Over

Ivy Houtz Woolley

Where are the children of yesterday?
The place is here where they used to play;
Its ground, packed down by romping feet,
Is parched and baked with summer's heat.
It has not fallowed by snows or rain,
But seems to hope they will come again.
The weeds grow rank near the outer edge,
And bushes which grew to be a hedge
Have thirsted and died. The brook is still,
Its shallow bed is a sandy fill.
The proud pole, flagless, seems to say,
"Come, run Old Glory up today."

There are artless carvings on the wall
Which show the carvers were not tall,
But only children, who tried to see
How nice the names they bore could be.
A white pearl button, one of brass,
Are stitched to earth by glades of grass.
An unsewed baseball, with cover spread
Like a shriveled bat, a long time dead.
Two glassies pressed down in the clay
Have been forgotten many a day,
The big one brown, the small one blue;
The brown one was a taw when new.

Splintered pencils strew the ground;
The red rim of a slate
Hangs on the only picket left
Which used to be a gate.
Some well-frayed ropes swing from old limbs
Of trees now dry and dead,
A swingboard dangles forth and back;
No shade is overhead.
The bent wheel of a broken cart
Encircles a small mound;
A toy spade stands at one end,
Suggesting sacred ground.

Where are the feet of yesterday?
Did many of them go astray?
Or did they climb the golden stair
Where fame and fortune waited there?
Did bogs beset them while they pressed
Along life's path? Or did they rest
At pearly gates, where angels meet
When heaven welcomes little feet?
Where are the children of yesterday?
Their playgrounds call them back to play!

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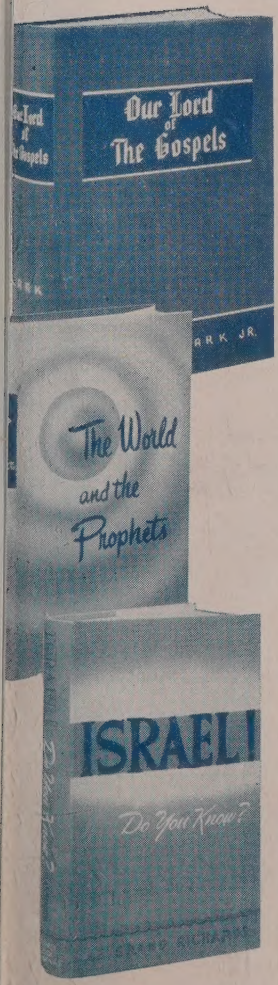

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